

Le Minotaur



Volume Four

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Le Minotaur Magazine: Volume Four

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Cover picture: *Bunny Seducing Minotaur* by Anyuta Gusakova

If you have a submission for the **Le Minotaur** feel free to contact the magazine. The Editor in Chief of *Le Minotaur* can be contacted at

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“We both heard KT take in a sudden breath and sort of meowed like a cat ... actually a MEA...then it happened.

Being teased and tickled this way by two girls was heaps too much for KT and brought on resolution.”

Half-Girl and Half-Boy

Isabella Montsouris

Does Life Mirror Art ... or Art Mirror Life?



Le Minotaur: Volume Four

Le Minotaur of Vancouver is delighted to publish the fourth edition of ***Le Minotaur*** Magazine which serves to explore the beast in all of us.

In this edition there are several short stories that also explore the beastliness of artistry and artists. There is a story about the Pictorialism of American photographer Arthur Albert Allen, and a submission by a first time writer Isabella Montsouris of Montreal titled *Half-Girl and Half-Boy*.

Please feel free to submit your short stories, prose, poetry and artwork to

penny_plenty321 @ yahoo.com

There is no fee to submit. There is no writer's fee provided by the journal for those who submit. The publishing rights remain with the author.

Le Minotaur welcomes submissions on a twice yearly basis.

Benno, the Wild Man From Borneo by Henry Miller (1941)

Benno has always reminded me of a Sandwich Islander. Not only that his hair is by turns straight and kinky, not only that he rolls his eyes in delirious wrath, not only that he is gaunt and cannibalistic, positively ferocious when his breadbasket is empty, but that he is also gentle and peaceful as a dove, calm, placid, cool as a volcanic lake. He says he was born in the heart of London, of Russian parents, but that is a myth he has invented to conceal his truly fabulous origin. Anyone who has ever skirted an archipelago knows the uncanny faculty which the islands have of appearing and disappearing. Unlike the mirages of the desert these mysterious islands do truly disappear from sight, do truly bob up from the unknown depths of the sea. Benno is very much like that. He inhabits an archipelago of his own in which there are these mysterious apparitions and disparitions. Nobody has ever explored Benno with any thoroughness. He is elusive, slippery, treacherous, volatile, uncanny. Sometimes he is a mountain peak covered with bright snow, sometimes a broad glacial lake, sometimes a volcano spouting fire and brimstone. Sometimes he rolls quietly down to the ocean front and lies there like a big white Easter egg waiting to be dipped and packed away in a softly padded basket. And sometimes he gives the impression of one who was not born of a mother's womb, but of a monster who picked his way out of a hard-boiled egg. If you examine him closely you will see that he has rudimentary claws like the mock turtle, that he has spurs like the clover cock, and if you examine very closely you will discover that, like the dodo bird, he carries a harmonica in his right tubercle.

At an early age, a very early age, he found himself living the lonely, desperate life of a river pirate on a little island off Hell Gate. Nearby was an ancient whirlpool, such as Homer speaks of in the Carthaginian version of the *Odyssey*. Here he perfected himself in that culinary art which was to stand him in good stead during his uninterrupted privations. Here he acquired a knowledge of Chinese, Turkestani, Kurd and the less well-known dialects of Upper Rhodesia. Here also he learned to write in that hand which only the prophets of the desert have mastered, an illegible hand which is nevertheless intelligible to students of esoteric lore. Here too he gleaned an inkling of those strange Runic patterns which he was later to employ in his pink and orange gouaches, his linoleum fretworks, his arboreal hallucinations. Here he studied the seed and the ovum, the unicellular life of the animalculae which daily filled his lobster-pots. Here the mystery of the egg first engrossed him—not only its shape and balance, but its logic, its ordained irreversibility. Over and over again the egg crops up, sometimes in a china blue dream, sometimes counterpointed against the tripod, sometimes chipped and nascent. Exhausted by ceaseless exploration and investigation Benno is forever returning to the source and fundament, the center of his own vital creation: *the egg*. Always it is an Easter egg, which is to say a holy egg. Always the lost racial egg, seed of pride and strength, which has perdured since the destruction of the holy temple. When there is nothing left but despair Benno curls up inside his holy egg and goes to sleep. He sleeps the long schizophrenic sleep of the winter season. It is more congenial than running about looking for sirloin steaks and chopped onions. When he gets unbearably hungry he will eat his egg, and then for a time he sleeps anywhere, often right outside the *Closerie des Lilas*, beside the statue erected in memory of Marshal Ney. These are the Waterloo sleeps, so to

speak, when all is rain and mud—and Blücher never appears. When the sun comes out Benno appears again—alive, chipper, perky, sardonic, irritable, buzzing, questioning, dubious, querulous, suspicious, effervescent, always in blue overalls and sleeves rolled up, always a quid of tobacco in the corner of his mouth. By sundown he has made a dozen new canvases, large and small. Whereupon it is a question of space, of frames, of nails and thumb-tacks. The cobwebs are shaken down, the floor washed, the ladder removed. The bed is left stranded in the middle air, the lice make merry, the cowbells ring. Nothing to do but to stroll out to *Parc Montsouris*. Here, denuded of flesh and raiment, deserted by human kind, Benno studies the tom-tit and the amarillo, makes note of the weather-cocks, tests the sand and gravel which his kidneys are constantly throwing out.

With Benno it is always a feast or a famine. Either he is loading crushed rock on the Hudson or he is painting the side of a house. He is a dynamo, a gravel-crusher, a lawn-mower, an eight-day clock all in one. Now and then he lies up for repairs; the barnacles are scraped off and all seams dried and caulked. Sometimes a new poop-deck is installed. You look at his progeny and it is Easter Island by the Count Potocki de Montalk: new landmarks, new monuments, new relics, all slithering in a Camembert green light which comes up out of the bulrushes. There he is, Benno, sitting in the midst of his archipelago, and the eggs running about like mad. Only new eggs this time, with new equilibrium, all frolicking on the greensward. Benno, fat and lazy, lolls in the sun with the gravy running down his chops. He reads last year's newspapers to while away the time. He invents new dishes made of seaweed and scallops, or failing scallops, mountain oysters. All with a dash of Worcestershire sauce and fried parsley. At such moments he loves

everything that is succulent and bunting with juice. He tears the bones apart and growls like a contented wolf. He ruts.

As I say, all to conceal his fabulous origin. To conceal his monstrous birth Benno goes about smooth of tongue, sleek as a puma after the rains, talking now of this thing, now of that. Inside him there is an unholy abracadabra fermenting. Strange equations form, queer plant-like growths, fungus, toadstools, marshmallow, poison ivy, the mandrake, the eucalyptus, all forming inside him in the hollow of the entrails in a sort of wild linoleum pattern which the burin will trace when he comes out of his trance. There are at least nine different cities buried beneath his midriff; the middle one is Samarkand where he had a rendezvous once with death. Here he passed through a glazing process which left the middle layers smooth and minor-like. Here, when he is in utter desperation, he strolls among the stalagmites and stalactites, cool as a knife and garnished with mulberry leaves. Here he sees himself ever young, the Swiss Family Robinson kill-joy, the Gloomy Gus who played by Hell Gate's shores. Here the nostalgic odors are revived, the smell of the mud-crab and the sea turtle, all the tender little delicacies of the old island life when his palate was being formed.

Like the bed louse and the amaranthus Benno makes progress in all directions at once. At twelve he was a virtuoso; at sixty he will be fresh and dandy, a bright young bantam with a red comb and featherweight gloves, to say nothing of the spurs. Circular progress, but no speed and no errors. Between enthusiasms he dips like the leviathan to snooze on the ocean floor; or, like the sea-cow, he will come up to graze along the Labrador Coast. Now and then he flies from wall to wall—with the close-clipped wings

which he invents during hibernation. Occasionally he grows a coat of fast Merino wool fresh from the Oberammergau region. In his right moments he trusts nobody. He was born with the evil eye, the acetylene torch planted in the middle of his forehead. When he is restive he champs and paws at the bit; when he is full of oats he kicks up his heels; when he is angry he snorts fire. Usually he is gentle and placid, still as the Hibernian in his fen. He loves the green meadows and the high hills, the kites soaring over Soochow, the gibbet and the rack; he loves the leather-heeled coolies, the oyster pirates, the wardens of Dannemora and the patient carpenter with his adze and foot-rule. Trigonometry he loves also and the intricate flights of the homing pigeon, or the fortifications of the Dardanelles. He loves everything that is complicated by rule and logarithm or spiced with fiery tinctures: he loves the styptic poisons, the triple bromides, the touch of carborundum, the glaze of mercurochrome. He loves light and space as well as champagne and oysters. But best of all he loves a rumpus, because then the wild man of Borneo comes out and the sky is full of prickly heat. In anger he will bite his own tail or bray like the donkey. In anger he is apt to cut off his own fetlocks. His anger comes up out of the groin, like jets of prussic acid. It puts a clean coat of varnish over his work, his loves, his friendships. It is the heraldic emblem, the tarantula which you will find embroidered on all his nightshirts, on his socks and even his cuff-buttons. Bright, feathery anger which he wears like a plume. It becomes him like an emolument, or an emulsion.

Such is Benno, as I have always known him and found him to be. A sturdy cutlass with a Penobscot mien and the swagger-gait of a caballero. He will go far, unless he is cut down by the sword. He belongs to the inky

peninsulas, the open waterways, the Culebra Cuts. Like the squid he has no known origin, stemming rather from pride and arrogance, from aqueous depths and clabby footholds. He marks off his own precincts and defends his terrain like a saber-toothed tiger. He adopts the protective coloration of the zebra and if necessary can lie in the tall grass for aeons of time. Basically he is volcanic ash, immiscible in water, incorruptible and slow to rust. He is of the old line of Pelagians, the ridge-runners who traveled over the sunken Andes to found a Mexican world. He is tough as an old turkey, but warm-hearted and inhumanly tender.

A sort of wild man from Borneo with central heating, spring mattress, castors and a boomerang in his left hand.

Pictorial: Candy Posters (1968)



Candy ... the Risqué Novel by George T. Miller

That someone would write a risqué novel to end all risqué novels was bound to happen, and now that G. P. Putnam Sons have published "Candy," the predicable ultimate has occurred. And to gild the proverbial lily, "Candy" is currently at the top of the best-seller list.

First published as "Lollipop" by the Olympia Press in Paris—a French publishing house specializing in English-language erotica, whose publisher is now under jail sentence in France—"Candy" Is a mixture of "Fanny Hill," "Lady Chatterley's Lover," with Henry Miller and Frank Harris thrown in for laughs.

The two writers who dreamed up "Candy" are Terry Southern (he helped out in the adaptation of "Dr. Strangelove" to the screen) and Mason Hoffenberg, an erstwhile writer for Olympia. When "Candy" was published back in 1958, the author's name was listed as "Maxwell Kenton."

Well, "Lollipop" as it was, (and still is, for that matter) didn't cause much of a stir in the world-wise capital city of the French. Such works had been circulating freely in Paris for years. But the book caught the eye of the publisher of G. P. Putnam Sons, and it promptly came sliding across the Atlantic on a wave of word-of-mouth publicity which did nothing to becalm its reception on these shores.

And when we say "Candy" is the one piece of erotica to end all erotic novels, we mean just that. When it comes to the sheer clinical portrayal of the human act of propagation, "Candy" is as clear and realistic as an abortion on the kitchen table under a 100-watt bulb. However, there is one difference. "Candy" is set to humor, and in spots can be devastatingly funny. This is the one factor which will most likely keep it off the court calendars. This, of course, makes the situation interesting indeed.

It's no secret that "Candy" says more about the ways and means of sex than Henry Miller ever dreamed of. Yet Mr. Miller's youthful yelps about Paris in "Tropic of Cancer" were banished from these shores for years. "Nothing but dirt" was the given reason.

"Tropic of Cancer" finally did sneak onto the bookstalls in the U.S., but the book is still having trouble with the law.

Not so the case with "Candy." "Candy," for the record, can be called misguided satire and a sometimes amusing collection of incidents that are a spoof on modern-day sex.

Messrs. Southern and Hoffenberg apparently decided to use some free hours to have some fun with their obvious talents. and to make some money.

The winsome, pretty young girl they created is motivated by the wholesome desire for giving. The trouble is, the young lady (Candy, by name, of course) takes after Voltaire's Candide, whom she resembles in always giving herself, literally. And to the damndest people.

In rapid-fire order, Candy tries unsuccessfully to give herself to a sexually mixed-up professor, a very normal Mexican gardener, and of all people, her father's twin brother.

She doesn't make the grade with the professor, who suddenly switches his interest to a young male homosexual. She almost succeeds with the Mexican gardener, but is interrupted by her father who, in a battle in her bedroom, is cleaved with a trowel. (The Mexican escapes.) The father, instead of dying from a gaping wound in his head, gets a perfect frontal lobotomy.

Candy, still a virgin, goes to the hospital to visit her father, accompanied by her uncle (Pop's identical twin, you know). While sitting in the hospital room with the unconscious parent, it suddenly occurs to Candy that her beloved uncle needs her. You know, "needs her." Well, the idea also occurs to the slightly mixed-up uncle. And right there on the floor of the hospital room, Southern and Hoffenberg have Candy deflowered by her uncle.

And so on through the most openly tongue-in-cheek spoof at society's sexual morals trip the talents of Southern and Hoffenberg.

At the book's end, nothing, but nothing, has been spared. The reader is exhausted, not only by the pace, but by the most unusual and bizarre batch of sexual skirmishes, and at times full-scale battles that this writer has ever read.

There are no giggles in "Candy." But there are plenty of old-fashioned belly laughs.

Which brings us back to that question: if such works as “Lady Chatterley’s Lover,” “Fanny Hill” and “Tropic of Cancer” have felt the brunt of legal persecution, why hasn’t “Candy”?

Of these three, “Candy” is by far the most professional. It is sleek writing and hilarious thinking. And it doesn’t masquerade under the guise of serious writing.

But “Candy’s” single thread of seriousness is a powerful one. Unlike the usual heroine in such books who gives her body because she enjoys the lust, “Candy” gives herself because she feels the other party needs her. There is an almost unbelievable believability about this characterization. Candy bounces from bed to bed with the sureness of a prostitute. But her motive is fresh, spirited and unselfish. That motive, in fact, removes from “Candy” the social stigma of character weakness. She has nothing to give but herself, and she does that better and better as the book races toward the only conclusion it could. But we’ll let you make your own mind up about the ending.

What is important here, is that the writers make no pretense at developing any so-called higher purpose, other than their heroine’s honesty and generosity. Which is, in fact, more than enough. ’

“Candy” presents no social problem, other than to perplex those who would wish to probe the book for hidden destructive passages or lofty intellectual drive. There’s nothing hidden in “Candy.”

The authors have laid their deed out for all to see. And if ye seek the subtle, don't buy the book. If you are offended by sharply-used four-letter Anglo-Saxon words, you'll have fun tearing up the pages.

"Tom Jones"—the movie about Victorian England—opened up the American screen to plots and scripts heretofore taboo. It did it with excellent, if ribald taste.

"Candy" apparently is doing the same for the publishing industry. Messrs. Southern and Hoffenberg need not worry about the courts of America. They have followed precedent almost to the letter. They have, to put it mildly, been legally pure and hilariously obscene—obscene, that is, to puritanical tastes.

Their secret, if you wish to call it that, is getting their hard-working heroine—she works hard at giving, you know—into the damndest sexual situations possible but improbable, and then letting the natural or unnatural, run almost to its course. At times they even let things go all the way.

But one thing remains untarnished.

Candy, for all her misguided and mismanaged ways, keeps her purity of soul intact.

The entire experience—and we do prefer to call "Candy" Just that—revolves around the worldly lust of the people the heroine comes in contact with. She remains above it all—in spirit, that is.

Candy's virtue, as sketched beautifully by the authors, is that the youngster really doesn't give a damn about sex. She doesn't even know much about it, either, in the first chapters. Her entire joy is derived from the knowledge that she is needed.

"Candy" is not a novel. It is a very funny social purgative cast in imaginative style and grace. So flexible are the situations the authors create, each individual reader is going to come up with his or her own idea as to just what in hell is going on.

What eats away at the reader continually is the lurking feeling that the authors are looking over your shoulder, waiting for that big guffaw to follow the one you emitted two pages back. If you don't come through, they {the authors} no doubt think your sense of humor needs working on.

Maybe it does. But unlike most books of "Candy's" type, this one stays around (he house for a second reading. "Candy" isn't actually a sex novel at all. There's plenty of sex around, page after page and in just about any form anybody could think of. But actually the authors have gone us one better. This book is geared to be debated, even though the writers say that wasn't its purpose at all.

"Candy" just might be a peek at sex in its native habitat. But only as parody, and a rather sad one at that. It could be that Southern and Hoffenberg have been playing an enormous practical joke on the American public. But if it is

a joke, it has made them and G. P. Putnam Sons very rich people, because to date many, many copies of “Candy” have been sold.

[excerpt from *Sir* Magazine, October, 1964]

Pictorial: Gotcha!



The Figurative by Albert Arthur Allen

Albert Arthur Allen (1886-1962) was born on May 8, 1886 in Grafton, Massachusetts. He was the third generation of Allens born in America.

He received a fine education in the literary and visual arts between 1892 to 1903, which included travel around the United States, visits to art museums, and the study of monuments of architecture. His early interest was wide and spanned science and both fine and applied arts including architecture. Allen would describe himself in these terms:

“Aside from being a master of fine and applied arts, [I was] always been deeply interested in many branches of science – a student of electrical and mechanical engineering, physiology and chemistry, architecture and photography.”

Allen traveled to and established himself in Oakland, California in 1907, where he founded the *Allen Art Studio*. In 1916 he would move to a better studio and in 1923 would establish an art school, *The Allen Institute of Fine and Applied Art*.

Allen is mostly remembered for his *Alo Studies*, which would find prominence in the 1920's to 1940's and then fade away after his death until their rediscovery and public showings in the 1980's.

The *Alo Studies* were a series of published photographic works. Beginning in 1923 Allen would publish three volumes of pictorial studies, which focused on the figurative. The *Alo Studies* would become widely popular until they ran afoul of the moral sensibilities of the time, resulting in his prosecution under morality laws. The first volume had no text.

The second volume had the following introduction:

“In presenting the second volume of ‘Alo Studies,’ the artist has leaned toward the professional side, through a great demand from the artist and the student. It is hoped that this emphasis on the technical side has in no way lessened the value of the three studies for the layman who sees and appreciates that which is beautiful, for the sheer pleasure of gratifying his natural artistic sense.”

The thirty-two images in this second volume, as well as those in the first volume, fit neatly into the Pictorialist period of photography. The Pictorialist sensibility was established in London at the Camera Club beginning in the 1890’s and continued for perhaps a half century. According to the 19th century British Pictorialist Peter Henry Emerson ‘the artist’s task was the imitation of the effect of the eye.’ Towards the end of his life Arthur Allen wrote that he himself was ‘... one of America’s foremost ... Pictorialists.’

Most of Allen’s Pictorialist works featured youthful nude females in nature, set amidst flowers, near or in the ocean, in front of windows and in studio

with artists. These images were many times in soft-focus and had such erotic titles as *Flower of the Dunes*, *The Forbidden Pool*, *He Loves Me* ...

Here is an example of one of his naturalist pictorials. It is possible to see the juxtaposition in it of the sensibilities of Ansel Adams and Edward Steichen.



An Early Naturalist Pictorial by Allen

In his third volume of *Alo Studies* he outlined an artistic sensibility:

‘In my photographic study, I have worked as direct as possible, eliminating retouching, double printing, or faking in any manner. It has been my endeavor to hold to true art in whatever medium I may employ and the compositions in this collection are all worked in the out-of –doors ... many parts of the country are called upon, principally California, Nevada and Oregon, which abound in magnificent settings.’

In this volume he dispensed with erotic titles and simply titled the images numerically. He also states the *Alo Studies* are “meant for art lovers, connoisseurs of art, for art students and for professional artists.” This statement was meant to address the growing criticism in that his photography was not artistic in nature.

While his *Alo Studies* was printed in limited editions and distributed in a select fashion to admirers and followings of his Pictorial art, a copy of each volume had ended up on the desk of the California State Attorney General who himself was not artistically inclined.

In the first of a number of court cases in, beginning in 1924 Allen would be charged with ‘sending obscene pictures through the mail.’ In a lengthy and costly legal process that span February 1924 to February 1927 Allen would be acquitted of the charge by a twelve person jury.

The California State Attorney General had tried to charge Allen with four distinct violations of the same crime by outlining four sets of postal destinations (Edmonton, Oklahoma, Arkansas and Chicago) but the judge

decided it best to consolidate the four cases into one and try them concurrently, resulting in his lengthy trial and eventual acquittal.



An Alo Studies Pictorial from the early 1920's

It had worked in his favor that the third of the Alo Studies was titled *The Alo Studies and the Student Reference Works*. The written description of the purpose of the studies ... “meant for art lovers, connoisseurs of art, for art

students and for professional artists.” Greatly aided in his defence. The jury deemed that his pictorials ‘were not obscene but were artistic in nature.’

From this court case would arise the legal principle that provided a study was described as “meant for art lovers, connoisseurs of art, for art students and for professional artists,” then pictorial Figuratives could be considered works of art and therefore offered protection as a form of artistic praxis.

Allen would also draw from his growing collection of figurative photographs to publish a collection titled *Female Form* in 1925, followed soon after by a fifteen photograph collection titled *The Model (Technical Edition)*.

It is worth noting that Allen undertook these two publications at the time he was entangled in the *Alo Studies* court case, which had found mention in the press and on radio. It seems he drew more income after the publicity surrounding his obscenity charge than before it. It also saw a quite public change to his persona. He became more defiant and disdaining of authority.

In a telling psychological twist, in his *The Model (Technical Edition)* Allen actually named many of his models and described their physical characteristics.

Here is an example:

Model Number – A

Name: Grace Virginia Royce

Age: 23
Height: 5 ft, 6 ½ inches
Weight: 130
Neck: 13
Chest: 32
Bust: 34
Waist: 26
Hips: 36
Thigh: 22 ½
Knee: 15
Calf: 15 ¼
Ankle: 9 ¼
Arm: 10
Type: American
Race: Caucasian
Descent: French-Irish
Sex: Female – Abnormal
Sexine: Motherhood
Pubic Hair: Growth – Medium.

There followed two further descriptions, one titled construction in which he describes the form of the models' physique, then a second section ...:

HABITS-LIFE: Irregular, governed by love and adventure. Fluctuating under the two extremes. Unusual physical development due to extreme out-of-doors life, along the timber line of the great north woods. Animated disposition with creative tendencies.

As one historian of the era has noted:

‘Such attempts to provide pseudo-scientific categorizations for the female figures were quite common among nude photographers of the period, but Allen seems to have taken the record-taking to an extreme. From a contemporary perspectives these “Typographical records,” as Allen called them, seem antithetical to his insistence that the images were Fine Art. Allen classifications for the last three categories, Sex, Sexine and Pubic Hair, requires elaboration.

In 1928 he would write the following about his Sex classification:

‘I wish to call to your attention to three classifications – normal, subnormal and abnormal. I have chosen these three classifications as a rather formal way of designating the exact sexual vigor of each subject – I arrived at my definition after carefully studying specifically prepared questionnaires, which is the duty of each model to answer – for scientific use only. Across my Chart of Sexual Vigor I draw a horizontal line, which is marked Normal; if the data supplied on the questionnaire runs, only a fair average, classifications are charted Normal; should such questions such as sexual desire, sex stimulation, sex tendency, run far above the midway point, the subject is charted as Abnormal; should the questions run far below the meridian the subject is classed Subnormal. The classification, though brief, may be found to have great latitude.’

For the classification *Sexine*, a term Allen himself coined, he would write:

“This classification must be accepted only on a scientific basis, all social standards eliminated. A girl may reach puberty, marry, divorce, and yet not bear young; she will still be classified a Virgin – because she has not borne young. On the other hand the girl may reach puberty, bear young without wedlock, or within wedlock, and be classified as Motherhood. This classification of Sexine is purely to classify who have borne young and who have not. It in no way links the habits or customs of any particular country. One of the chief reasons for so classifying is to trace the surface markings and construction of both types – Virgin and Motherhood.”

To interpret then Habits and lifestyle of the 23 year old model Grace Virginia Royce’ she was neither vestal nor without child and her appetites were outside the norm ... What do viewers of his ‘Fine Art’ inevitably draw from these ‘typographical records?’ Imagine picking up a girlie magazine from our era and seeing such intimations. Would this be deemed ‘Fine Art?’

One must wonder if his later legal troubles, and his eventual conviction under US obscenity laws, could have been avoided if he had dispensed with his last three categories; *Sex*, *Sexine* and *Pubic Hair* ...



One of Allen's Naturalist Pictorials from 1926 (with no retouching)

In the United States the depiction of *la source de vie* and the pubic hair on a female model was a controversial issue during the decades that Allen undertook and published his pictorial pieces (*La source de vie* is French for the source of life). He wasn't the only American artist of the age to run afoul of this norm. Artists like Thomas Eakins ran into similar difficulties. It wasn't until the Sexual Revolution of the 1960's, and the proliferation of girlie magazines, before there was a drastic change to this norm in the US.

Pictorialists like Allen managed quite fairly up to a point at the time, when working within the norms. Several Pictorialists, Allen included, began by posing their models in such a way to avoid directly depicting *la source de vie* or their pubic hair. The female mystique was still left mysterious

Sometimes the model was without pubic hair (today some 60 % of women in their 20's and 30's make that choice). In this case the picture was retouched on either the negative, or blanced out during the printing. Or the model was draped in such a fashion to hide away that which public norms said 'should not be seen.'

Yet, as we all know there was an underground trade of the illicit. One wonders if Allen at some time or other in his professional career he may have participated in both licit and illicit photography.

From the late 1920's Allen became a *Naturalist*, preferring not to re-touch what was, in his own words, "really there," presenting instead a sort of anthropological argument that he was undertaking scientific research. There were a number of like-minded European artists who preceded Arthur Allen.



A 1920's Stratz Anthropological Pictorial for comparison

The German quasi-anthropologist Dr. C. H. Stratz and his half-dozen books such as *The Beauty of a Woman*, comes to mind as does several of Stratz's contemporaries, who argued for naturalism in similar terms. Several German photographers were well known for their licit and illicit photography of the female form along an Arabesque or a Japanese theme.

By showing what was “really there,” Allen crossed a line in the United States and his Pictorials began to be considered *Erotica*. It was about this time that he also began to reject traditional notions of traditional beauty in photography. As one historian of his photographs outlined:

‘This attitude would fit with Allen’s espousal of the ‘naturalist movement,’ which advanced a casual acceptance of nudity as natural for people with healthy minds. It is possible, even likely, that Allen’s models, willing to be subjected to such scrutiny of their anatomies, were members of the California naturalists.’

Allen would go on to produce even more contentious works of Fine Art in his *Boudoir* and his *Sex Appeal* series.

In explaining his morality Allen would say that

“...I have profoundly refrained from dwelling upon social moral or creed. My work is not theoretical, scientific or based on doctrines of other authorities. It is a simple and true summary of twenty years of observation and experience as an artist.”

Next he produced a series titled *Exotic Nudes* of women from around the world. Up until this series all his Figuratives had been of Caucasian women. *Exotic Nudes* from 1928 included Japanese Geisha, Asian and African beauties. They are pictorials of women with crossed legs sitting in front of wall hangings and tapestry.

Another of Allen's pictorial series from this time was titled *Nude Follies from 1928* and included several models who had previously sat for him. Some were five to six years older in their 1928 sittings. He made reference to their previous pictorials where he thought a compare and contrast could be made of the women.

Around this time he also started a movie picture company called *The Classic Motion Picture Corporation*. Then the following year the crash of 1929 occurred and in short order Allen and his many ventures would see him fall into bankruptcy. His actual financial problems began earlier in 1927 and would become progressively worse over the next few years. By 1929 Allen's debt was well over \$ 100,000 while his assets were a mere \$ 1,000.

One of the final series of Figuratives he would publish would be titled the *Premier Nudes* and would consist of nearly a hundred of his best Figuratives. While *Premier Nudes* was being prepared for publication Allen would once again be in court facing obscenity charges. This time he would be convicted. His arrogance in not abiding by the argument that his work was artistic ... as evidenced in his *Nudes Follies* ... would be his undoing.

Some of his more edgy pictorials take aim at the 'Fatty Arbuckle' Affair where the silent film actor's debauched lifestyle crossed path with the *Girl on the Red Swing* – a young burlesque performer. The girl haemorrhaged out as doctors tried frantically to save her, removing her uterus in the aftermath of a Hollywood party turned orgy. The *Girl on the Red Swing* tragedy is Hollywood legal history. The tragedy ended Fatty Arbuckle's career and made him a convicted felon. He was convicted of statutory rape.



One of Allen's Edgy 'Sex Appeal' Pictorials

But Allen's greatest folly would be his images titled *The Sheik* in which he appears as himself. He was obviously hoping to draw on the public sentiment on the sudden death of the actor Rudolph Valentino, who had played the role of a Sheik in two silent era Hollywood movies, one in 1921 (*The Sheik*) and a second in 1926 (*The Son of Sheik*). The Italian born actor Rudolph Valentino died suddenly in August 1926 at the age of thirty one.

Allen's *The Sheik* images appear to be taken on a movie set. These pictures by Allen were the last straw as far as the California State Attorney General was concerned.

It was not merely the theme, nor the presence of a clothed man and naked woman, it was the depiction of a coital entanglement of a naked Sheik with a Caucasian woman which was considered obscene.

Even in Valentino's Sheik films such an entanglement was an *implicit* and not an *explicit* part of the movie. Allen's era had not even publicly progressed to a screen kiss in the movies, let alone sex!

The Sheik also depicted 'White Slavery.' The theme of 'White Slavery' was a pulp fiction theme and considered lacking artistic merit in the 1920's. The same theme is still pretty much considered pulp fiction; as one can see in such films as *Harem* and the film *Paradise* from the early 1980's.

It is evident that powerful pressures were brought to focus on Allen and his Pictorials. Of the later obscenity charges, Allen was found innocent in one and guilty in the other. It was *The Sheik* pictorials that would be deemed obscene. Allen became a convicted felon, but was able to avoid jail time and paid a fine.

This was still an era where babies were made with the woman hidden away behind one side and the man on the other side of a *modesty blanket*. If you don't know what a *modesty blanket* is let me tell you ... that I did not know what a *modesty blanket* was until my Catholic grandmother explained it to me when she was in her eighties and I was in my thirties. She gave birth to seven children all conceived through a small hole in a large one white blanket, a wedding gift from her mother – a *modesty blanket*.

In the early part of the 20th century it was considered a sin for man and woman to enjoy each other during the act of procreation. From the pulpit across America this was reminded church-going film goings and became the impetus to the establishment of morality boards and film categorization.

After this trial Allen would cease any public *Figurative* photography. Perhaps his public persona and creative spirit had been crushed by the ponderousness of the law.

One must also wonder if the California State Attorney General stipulated to Allen that he would be prosecuted anew if he went back to producing more nude pictorials. Allen also had a great debt to pay off and it perhaps took decades to do this.

I find it hard to believe that he did not continue his photographic efforts in a new disguise, perhaps going underground, or perhaps taking up a studio across the border in Mexico such as at Tijuana. Throughout the 1930's to the late 1950's an underground industry of *girlie* magazines and crude *Tijuana Bibles* thrived in the United States. If you don't know what a Tijuana Bible is I will let you find that out just for yourself. Some of the pictures that appear anonymously in these *girlie* magazines show similarity to Allen's expressed style.

After his conviction, many of Arthur Allen's published pictorials from 1916 to 1929 would be boxed and forgotten, in turn gathering dust. There was an underground market for his pictorials and it appears his style encouraged

imitation by others, including some Pictorialists who would become well known in the 1950's and 1960's. I would argue that one of these Pictorialists who studied the *Figuratives* of Arthur Allen was Bunny Yeager, who would become an established Pictorialist and is infamous for making Betty Paige famous.

Allen died in near penury and in obscurity in Alameda California in January 1962 at the age of seventy five. For his times his *Figuratives* from 1916 to 1929 were very much at the edge. Today they seem tame. Much of the \$ 100,000 debt he had to dig himself out from under was from his failed film company. This took him perhaps three decades ... from 1920 to 1960.

It was in the 1980's, two decades after his death, that his *Figuratives* were rediscovered and appeared in several pictorial retrospectives. Interestingly it was his depiction as a Sheik that caught the attention of some journalists at the time. Perhaps the Allen retrospective showing was meant to coincide with the production and release of the films *Paradise* and *Harem*?

It will be left to the intrepid historian to perhaps answer the question was Allen's establishment of his movie picture company *The Classic Motion Picture Corporation* and his intention to make racy films in the style of *The Sheik* the endeavour that would lead to his eventual downfall.

There is very little to go on to answer this question, but I suspect there is just enough ...



One of Allen's Sheik Pictorials

It may have merely been the question who could get rich and benefit from Sheik Valentino's demise – the question who might profit from Hollywood.

After all in California ... Hollywood is all about the Chic!

Colorized Indoor Figuratives by Allen

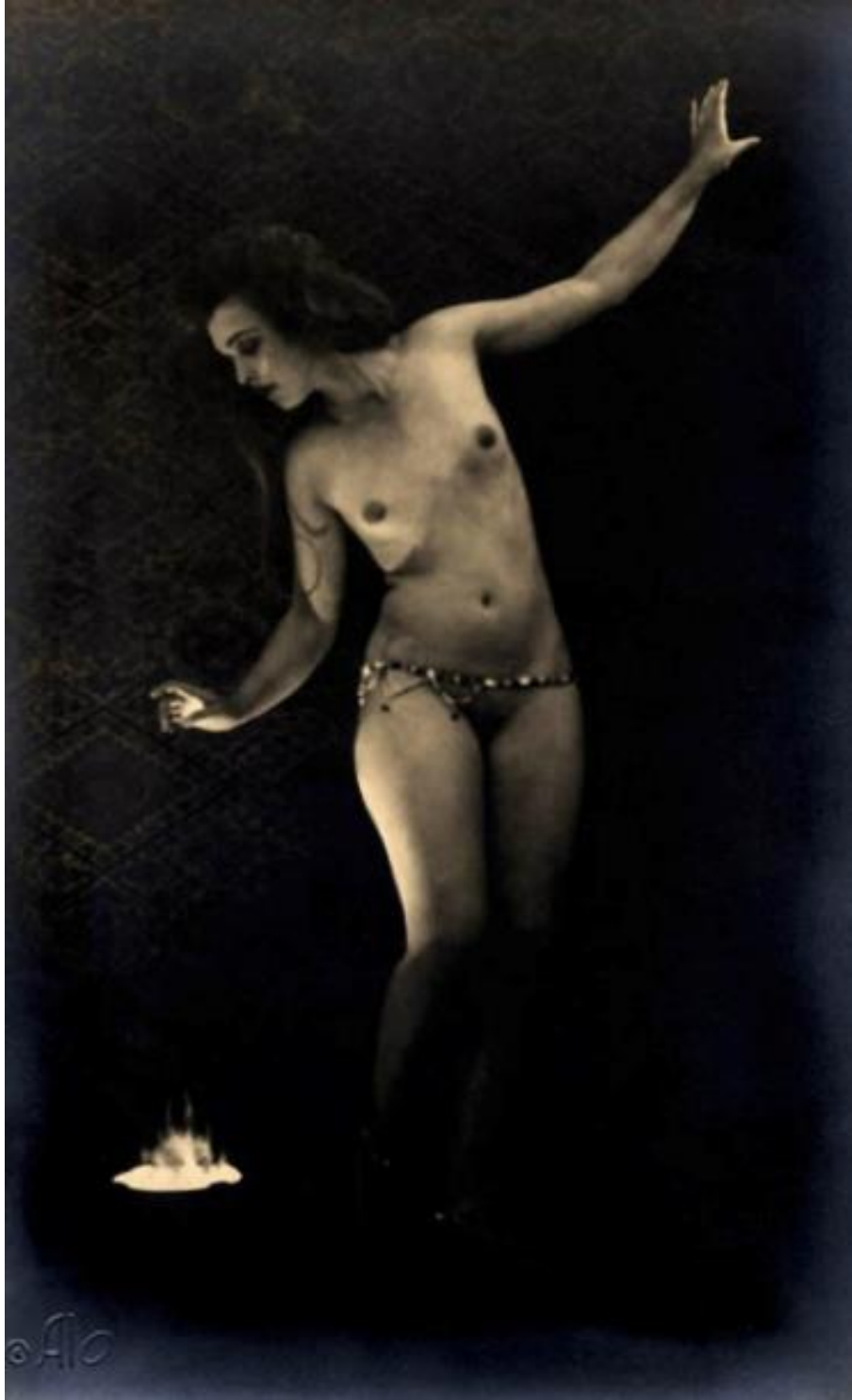




Indoor Figuratives by Allen





















































By Albert Arthur Allen

"HE LOVES ME"
Copyright 1917



Pictorial: What is ... it ...



My Dear Boy by Ian Fleming

[Chapter 17, from *Casino Royale*]

It was a large bare room, sparsely furnished in cheap French *art nouveau* style. It was difficult to say whether it was intended as a living- or dining-room for a flimsy-looking mirrored sideboard, sporting an orange crackle-ware fruit dish and two painted wooden candlesticks, took up most of the wall opposite the door and contradicted the faded pink sofa ranged against the other side of the room.

There was no table in the centre under the alabasterine ceiling light, only a small square of stained carpet with a futurist design in contrasting browns.

Over by the window was an incongruous-looking throne-like chair in carved oak with a red velvet seat, a low table on which stood an empty water carafe and two glasses, and a light arm-chair with a round cane seat and no cushion.

Half-closed Venetian blinds obscured the view from the window, but cast bars of early sunlight over the few pieces of furniture and over part of the brightly papered wall and the brown stained floorboards.

Le Chiffre pointed at the cane chair.

‘That will do excellently,’ he said to the thin man. ‘Prepare him quickly. If he resists, damage him only a little.’

He turned to Bond. There was no expression on his large face and his round eyes were uninterested. ‘Take off your clothes. For every effort to resist, Basil will break one of your fingers. We are serious people and your good health is of no interest to us. Whether you live or die depends on the outcome of the talk we are about to have.’

He made a gesture towards the thin man and left the room.

The thin man’s first action was a curious one. He opened the clasp-knife he had used on the hood of Bond’s car, took the small arm-chair and with a swift motion he cut out its cane seat.

Then he came back to Bond, sticking the still open knife, like a fountain-pen, in the vest pocket of his coat. He turned Bond round to the light and unwound the flex from his wrists. Then he stood quickly aside and the knife was back in his right hand.

‘Vite.’

Bond stood chafing his swollen wrists and debating with himself how much time he could waste by resisting. He only delayed an instant. With a swift step and a downward sweep of his free hand, the thin man seized the collar of his dinner-jacket and dragged it down, pinning Bond’s arms back. Bond made the traditional counter to this old policeman’s hold by dropping down

on one knee, but as he dropped the thin man dropped with him and at the same time brought his knife round and down behind Bond's back. Bond felt the back of the blade pass down his spine. There was the hiss of a sharp knife through cloth and his arms were suddenly free as the two halves of his coat fell forward.

He cursed and stood up. The thin man was back in his previous position, his knife again at the ready in his relaxed hand. Bond let the two halves of his dinner-jacket fall off his arms on to the floor.

'*Allez,*' said the thin man with a feint trace of impatience.

Bond looked him in the eye and then slowly started to take off his shirt.

Le Chiffre came quietly back into the room. He carried a pot of what smelt like coffee. He put it on the small table near the window. He also placed beside it on the table two other homely objects, a three-foot-long carpet-beater in twisted cane and a carving knife.

He settled himself comfortably on the throne-like chair and poured some of the coffee into one of the glasses. With one foot he hooked forward the small arm-chair, whose seat was now an empty circular frame of wood, until it was directly opposite him.

Bond stood stark naked in the middle of the room, bruises showing livid on his white body, his face a grey mask of exhaustion and knowledge of what was to come.

‘Sit down there.’ Le Chiffre nodded at the chair in front of him.

Bond walked over and sat down.

The thin man produced some flex. With this he bound Bond’s wrists to the arms of the chair and his ankles to the front legs. He passed a double strand across his chest, under the arm-pits and through the chair-back. He made no mistakes with the knots and left no play in any of the bindings. All of them bit sharply into Bond’s flesh. The legs of the chair were broadly spaced and Bond could not even rock it.

He was utterly a prisoner, naked and defenceless.

His buttocks and the underpart of his body protruded through the seat of the chair towards the floor.

Le Chiffre nodded to the thin man who quietly left the room and closed the door.

There was a packet of Gauloises on the table and a lighter. Le Chiffre lit a cigarette and swallowed a mouthful of coffee from the glass. Then he picked up the cane carpet-beater and, resting the handle comfortably on his knee, allowed the flat trefoil base to lie on the floor directly under Bond’s chair.

He looked Bond carefully, almost caressingly, in the eyes. Then his wrists sprang suddenly upwards on his knee.

The result was startling.

Bond's whole body arched in an involuntary spasm. His face contracted in a soundless scream and his lips drew right away from his teeth. At the same time his head flew back with a jerk showing the taut sinews of his neck. For an instant, muscles stood out in knots all over his body and his toes and fingers clenched until they were quite white. Then his body sagged and perspiration started to bead all over his body. He uttered a deep groan.

Le Chiffre waited for his eyes to open.

'You see, dear boy?' He smiled a soft, fat smile. 'Is the position quite clear now?'

A drop of sweat fell off Bond's chin on to his naked chest.

'Now let us get down to business and see how soon we can be finished with this unfortunate mess you have got yourself into.' He puffed cheerfully at his cigarette and gave an admonitory tap on the floor beneath Bond's chair with his horrible and incongruous instrument.

'My dear boy,' Le Chiffre spoke like a father, 'the game of Red Indians is over, quite over. You have stumbled by mischance into a game for grown-ups and you have already found it a painful experience. You are not equipped, my dear boy, to play games with adults and it was very foolish of

your nanny in London to have sent you out here with your spade and bucket. Very foolish indeed and most unfortunate for you.

‘But we must stop joking, my dear fellow, although I am sure you would like to follow me in developing this amusing little cautionary tale.’

He suddenly dropped his bantering tone and looked at Bond sharply and venomously.

‘Where is the money?’

Bond’s bloodshot eyes looked emptily back at him.

Again the upward jerk of the wrist and again Bond’s whole body writhed and contorted.

Le Chiffre waited until the tortured heart eased down its labored pumping and until Bond’s eyes dully opened again.

‘Perhaps I should explain,’ said Le Chiffre. ‘I intend to continue attacking the sensitive parts of your body until you answer my question. I am without mercy and there will be no relenting. There is no one to stage a last-minute rescue and there is no possibility of escape for you. This is not a romantic adventure story in which the villain is finally routed and the hero is given a medal and marries the girl. Unfortunately these things don’t happen in real life. If you continue to be obstinate, you will be tortured to the edge of madness and then the girl will be brought in and we will set about her in

front of you. If that is still not enough, you will both be painfully killed and I shall reluctantly leave your bodies and make my way abroad to a comfortable house which is waiting for me. There I shall take up a useful and profitable career and live to a ripe and peaceful old age in the bosom of the family I shall doubtless create. So you see, my dear boy, that I stand to lose nothing. If you hand the money over, so much the better. If not, I shall shrug my shoulders and be on my way.'

He paused, and his wrist lifted slightly on his knee. Bond's flesh cringed as the cane surface just touched him.

'But you, my dear fellow, can only hope that I shall spare you further pain and spare your life. There is no other hope for you but that. Absolutely none.'

'Well?'

Bond closed his eyes and waited for the pain. He knew that the beginning of torture is the worst. There is a parabola of agony. A crescendo leading up to a peak and then the nerves are blunted and react progressively less until unconsciousness and death. All he could do was to pray for the peak, pray that his spirit would hold out so long and then accept the long free-wheel down to the final black-out.

He had been told by colleagues who had survived torture by the Germans and the Japanese that towards the end there came a wonderful period of warmth and languor leading into a sort of sexual twilight where pain turned

to pleasure and where hatred and fear of the torturers turned to a masochistic infatuation. It was the supreme test of will, he had learnt, to avoid showing this form of punch-drunkenness. Directly it was suspected they would either kill you at once and save themselves further useless effort, or let you recover sufficiently so that your nerves had crept back to the other side of the parabola. Then they would start again.

He opened his eyes a fraction.

Le Chiffre had been waiting for this and like a rattlesnake the cane instrument leapt from the floor. It struck again and again so that Bond screamed and his body jangled in the chair like a marionette.

Le Chiffre desisted only when Bond's tortured spasms showed a trace of sluggishness. He sat for a while sipping his coffee and frowning slightly like a surgeon watching a cardiograph during a difficult operation.

When Bond's eyes flickered and opened he addressed him again, but now with a trace of impatience.

'We know that the money is somewhere in your room,' he said. 'You drew a cheque to cash for forty million francs and I know that you went back to the hotel to hide it.'

For a moment Bond wondered how he had been so certain.

‘Directly you left for the night club,’ continued Le Chiffre, ‘your room was searched by four of my people.’

The Muntzes must have helped, reflected Bond.

‘We found a good deal in childish hiding-places. The ball-cock in the lavatory yielded an interesting little code-book and we found some more of your papers taped to the back of a drawer. All the furniture has been taken to pieces and your clothes and the curtains and bedclothes have been cut up. Every inch of the room has been searched and all the fittings removed. It is most unfortunate for you that we didn’t find the cheque. If we had, you would now be comfortably in bed, perhaps with the beautiful Miss Lynd, instead of this.’ He lashed upwards.

Through the red mist of pain, Bond thought of Vesper. He could imagine how she was being used by the two gunmen. They would be making the most of her before she was sent for by Le Chiffre. He thought of the fat wet lips of the Corsican and the slow cruelty of the thin man. Poor wretch to have been dragged into this. Poor little beast.

Le Chiffre was talking again.

‘Torture is a terrible thing,’ he was saying as he puffed at a fresh cigarette, ‘but it is a simple matter for the torturer, particularly when the patient,’ he smiled at the word, ‘is a man. You see, my dear Bond, with a man it is quite unnecessary to indulge in refinements. With this simple instrument, or with almost any other object, one can cause a man as much pain as is possible or

necessary. Do not believe what you read in novels or books about the war. There is nothing worse. It is not only the immediate agony, but also the thought that your manhood is being gradually destroyed and that at the end, if you will not yield, you will no longer be a man.

‘That, my dear Bond, is a sad and terrible thought—a long chain of agony for the body and also for the mind, and then the final screaming moment when you will beg me to kill you. All that is inevitable unless you tell me where you hid the money.’

He poured some more coffee into the glass and drank it down leaving brown corners to his mouth.

Bond’s lips were writhing. He was trying to say something. At last he got the word out in a harsh croak: ‘Drink,’ he said and his tongue came out and swilled across his dry lips.

‘Of course, my dear boy, how thoughtless of me.’ Le Chiffre poured some coffee into the other glass. There was a ring of sweat drops on the floor round Bond’s chair.

‘We must certainly keep your tongue lubricated.’

He laid the handle of the carpet-beater down on the floor between his thick legs and rose from his chair. He went behind Bond and taking a handful of his soaking hair in one hand, he wrenched Bond’s head sharply back. He poured the coffee down Bond’s throat in small mouthfuls so that he would

not choke. Then he released his head so that it fell forward again on his chest. He went back to his chair and picked up the carpet-beater.

Bond raised his head and spoke thickly.

‘Money no good to you.’ His voice was a laborious croak. ‘Police trace it to you.’

Exhausted by the effort, his head sank forward again. He was a little, but only a little, exaggerating the extent of his physical collapse. Anything to gain time and anything to defer the next searing pain.

‘Ah, my dear fellow, I had forgotten to tell you.’ Le Chiffre smiled wolfishly. ‘We met after our little game at the Casino and you were such a sportsman that you agreed we would have one more run through the pack between the two of us. It was a gallant gesture. Typical of an English gentleman.’

‘Unfortunately you lost and this upset you so much that you decided to leave Royale immediately for an unknown destination. Like the gentleman you are, you very kindly gave me a note explaining the circumstances so that I would have no difficulty in cashing your cheque. You see, dear boy, everything has been thought of and you need have no fears on my account.’ He chuckled fatly.

‘Now shall we continue? I have all the time in the world and truth to tell I am rather interested to see how long a man can stand this particular form of ... er ... encouragement.’ He rattled the harsh cane on the floor.

So that was the score, thought Bond, with a final sinking of the heart. The ‘unknown destination’ would be under the ground or under the sea, or perhaps, more simply, under the crashed Bentley. Well, if he had to die anyway, he might as well try it the hard way. He had no hope that Mathis or Leiter would get to him in time, but at least there was a chance that they would catch up with Le Chiffre before he could get away. It must be getting on for seven. The car might have been found by now. It was a choice of evils, but the longer Le Chiffre continued the torture the more likely he would be revenged.

Bond lifted his head and looked Le Chiffre in the eyes.

The china of the whites was now veined with red. It was like looking at two blackcurrants poached in blood. The rest of the wide face was yellowish except where a thick black stubble covered the moist skin. The upward edges of black coffee at the corners of the mouth gave his expression a false smile and the whole face was faintly striped by the light through the Venetian blinds.

‘No,’ he said flatly, ‘ ... you ...’

Le Chiffre grunted and set to work again with savage fury. Occasionally he snarled like a wild beast.

After ten minutes Bond had fainted, blessedly.

Le Chiffre at once stopped. He wiped some sweat from his face with a circular motion of his disengaged hand. Then he looked at his watch and seemed to make up his mind.

He got up and stood behind the inert, dripping body. There was no colour in Bond's face or anywhere on his body above the waist. There was a faint flutter of his skin above the heart. Otherwise he might have been dead.

Le Chiffre seized Bond's ears and harshly twisted them. Then he leant forward and slapped his cheeks hard several times. Bond's head rolled from side to side with each blow. Slowly his breathing became deeper. An animal groan came from his lolling mouth.

Le Chiffre took a glass of coffee and poured some into Bond's mouth and threw the rest in his face. Bond's eyes slowly opened.

Le Chiffre returned to his chair and waited. He lit a cigarette and contemplated the spattered pool of blood on the floor beneath the inert body opposite.

Bond groaned again pitifully. It was an inhuman sound. His eyes opened and he gazed dully at his torturer.

Le Chiffre spoke.

‘That is all, Bond. We will now finish with you. You understand? Not kill you, but finish with you. And then we will have in the girl and see if something can be got out of the remains of the two of you.’

He reached towards the table.

‘Say good-bye to it, Bond.’

Pictorial: Le Foyer des Artists



These Unfulfilled Thoughts ... by Alyssa Yu

Forcefully my body
was dragged through
the dusted room.

My stitched rag frictioned
against the repelling floor ...
dead skin rapidly
drifted off my body.

Salted water leisurely
drained off of my pale expression,
my eyes reluctantly
stared at the ignoble man.

Gazing above, the clouded sky,
a slight of light radiated
on the surface of my skin,
drying the salted water.

Sitting on the turbid ground,
resting myself ...
hope ...
peace ...
home ...

family ...

friends...

these unfulfilled thoughts
revolved in my imagination.

Tears falling, drifting and evaporating.

The gun was propelled
into my aching hands.

I held it, sobbing.

How could I be holding this?

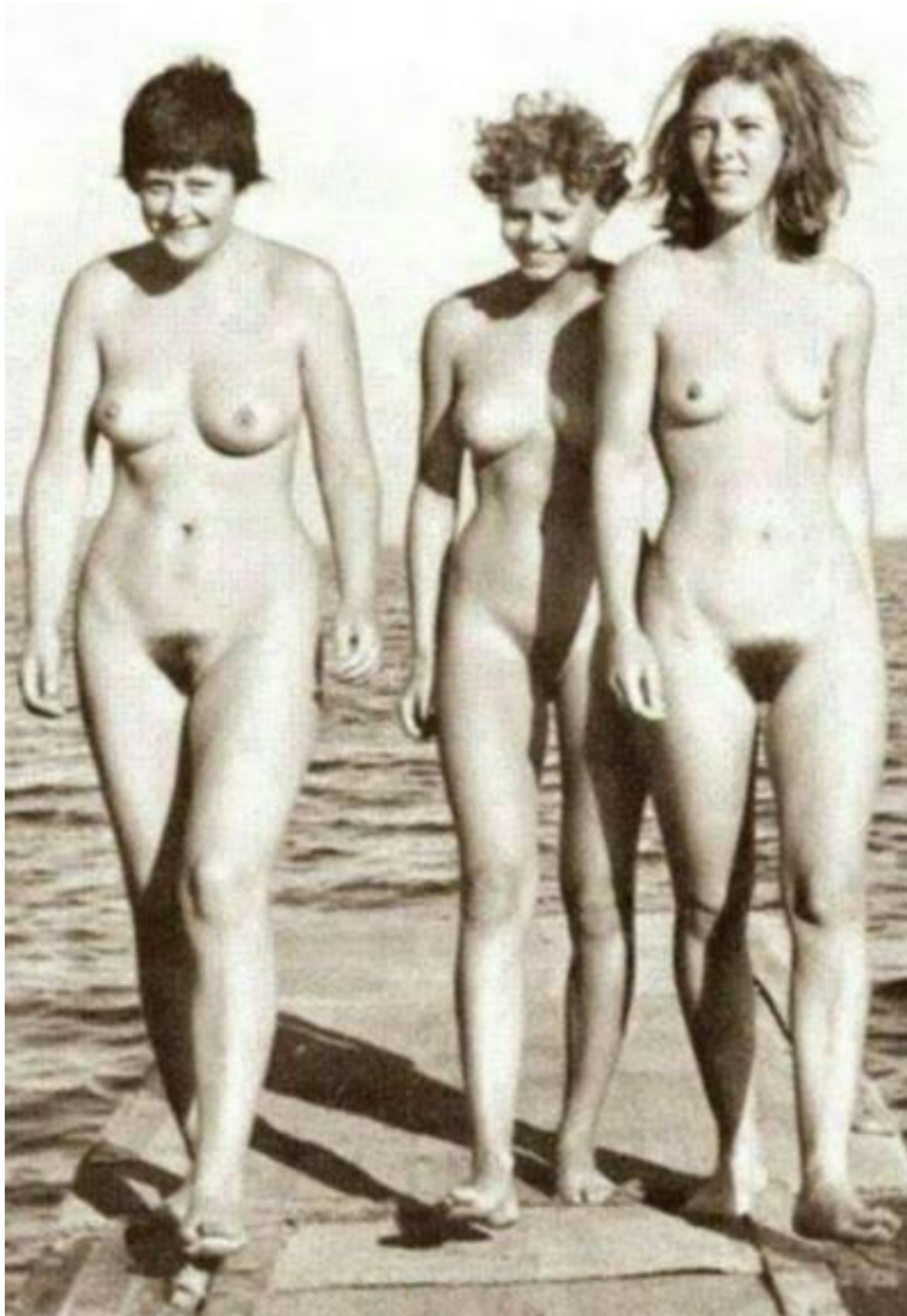
The black were shot vividly in sight.

Holding the gun,

hopelessly

placing my palm towards my eyes

Pictorial: Angela Merkel ... au Naturele



Angela Merkel (left), circa, 1980

A Model by Anais Nin

My mother had European ideas about young girls. I was sixteen. I had never gone out alone with young men, I had never read anything but literary novels, and by choice I never was like girls of my age. I was what you would call a sheltered person, very much like some Chinese woman, instructed in the art of making the most of the discarded dresses sent to me by a rich cousin, singing and dancing, writing elegantly, reading the finest books, conversing intelligently, arranging my hair beautifully, keeping my hands white and delicate, using only the refined English I had learned since my arrival from France, dealing with everybody in terms of great politeness.

This was what was left of my European education. But I was very much like the Orientals in one other way: long periods of gentleness were followed by bursts of violence, taking the form of temper and rebellion or of quick decisions and positive action. I suddenly decided to go to work, without consulting anybody or asking anybody's approval. I knew my mother would be against my plan.

I had rarely gone to New York alone. Now I walked the streets, answering all kinds of advertisements. My accomplishments were not very practical. I knew languages but not typewriting. I knew Spanish dancing but not the new ballroom dances. Everywhere I went I did not inspire confidence. I looked even younger than my age and over-delicate, oversensitive. I looked as if I could not bear any burdens put on me, yet this was only an appearance.

After a week I had obtained nothing but a sense of not being useful to anyone. It was then I went to see a family friend who was very fond of me. She had disapproved of my mother's way of protecting me. She was happy to see me, amazed at my decision and willing to help me. It was while talking to her humorously about myself, enumerating my assets, that I happened to say that a painter had come to see us the week before and had said that I had an exotic face. My friend jumped up.

"I have it," she said. "I know what you can do. It is true that you have an unusual face. Now I know an art club where the artists go for their models. I will introduce you there. It is a sort of protection for the girls, instead of having them walk about from studio to studio. The artists are registered at the club, where they are known, and they telephone when they need a model."

When we arrived at the club on Fifty-seventh Street, there was great animation and many people. It turned out that they were preparing for the annual show. Every year all the models were dressed in costumes that best suited them and exhibited to the painters. I was quickly registered for a small fee and was sent upstairs to two elderly ladies who took me into the costume room. One of them chose an eighteenth-century costume. The other fixed my hair above my ears. They taught me how to wax my eyelashes. I saw a new self in the mirrors. The rehearsal was going on. I had to walk downstairs and stroll all around the room. It was not difficult. It was like a masquerade ball.

The day of the show everyone was rather nervous. Much of a model's success depended on this event. My hand trembled as I made up my

eyelashes. I was given a rose to carry, which made me feel a little ridiculous. I was received with applause. After all the girls had walked slowly around the room, the painters talked with us, took down our names, made engagements. My engagement book was filled like a dance card.

Monday at nine o'clock I was to be at the studio of a well-known painter; at one, at the studio of an illustrator; at four o'clock, at the studio of a miniaturist, and so on. There were women painters too. They objected to our using make-up. They said that when they engaged a made-up model and then got her to wash her face before posing, she did not look the same. For that reason posing for women did not attract us very much.

My announcement at home that I was a model came like a thunderbolt. But it was done. I could make twenty-five dollars a week. My mother wept a little, but was pleased deep down.

That night we talked in the dark. Her room connected with mine and the door was open. My mother was worrying about what I knew (or did not know) about sex.

The sum of my knowledge was this: that I had been kissed many times by Stephen, lying on the sand at the beach. He had been lying over me, and I had felt something bulky and hard pressing against me, but that was all, and to my great amazement when I came home I had discovered that I was all wet between the legs. I had not mentioned this to my mother. My private impression was that I was a great sensualist, that this getting wet between

the legs at being kissed showed dangerous tendencies for the future. In fact, I felt quite like a whore.

My mother asked me, "Do you know what happens when a man takes a woman?"

"No," I said, "but I would like to know *how* a man takes a woman in the first place."

"Well, you know the small penis you saw when you bathed your brother — that gets big and hard and the man pushes it inside of the woman."

That seemed ugly to me. "It must be difficult to get it in," I said.

"No, because the woman gets wet before that, so it slides in easily." Now I understood the mystery of the wetness.

In that case, I thought to myself, I will never get raped, because to get wet you have to like the man.

A few months before, having been violently kissed in the woods by a big Russian who was bringing me home from a dance, I had come home and announced that I was pregnant.

Now I remembered how one night when several of us were returning from another dance, driving along the speedway, we had heard girls screaming. My escort, John, stopped the car. Two girls ran to us from the bushes,

disheveled, dresses torn, and eyes haggard. We let them into the car. They were mumbling chaotically about having been taken for a ride on a motorcycle and then attacked. One of them kept saying: "If he broke through, I'll kill myself."

John stopped at an inn and I took the girls to the ladies' room. They immediately went in to the toilet together. One was saying: "There is no blood. I guess he didn't break through." The other one was crying.

We took them home. One of the girls thanked me and said, "I hope that never happens to you."

While my mother was talking I was wondering if she feared this and was preparing me.

I cannot say that when Monday came I was not uneasy. I felt that if the painter was attractive I would be in greater danger than if he was not, for if I liked him I might get wet between the legs.

The first one was about fifty, bald, with a rather European face and little mustache. He had a beautiful studio.

He placed the screen in front of me so that I could change my dress. I threw my clothes over the screen. As I threw my last piece of underwear over the top of the screen I saw the painter's face appear at the top, smiling.

But it was done so comically and ridiculously, like a scene in a play, that I said nothing, got dressed, and took the pose.

Every half-hour I would get a rest. I could smoke a cigarette. The painter put on a record and said: "Will you dance?"

We danced on the highly polished floor, turning among the paintings of beautiful women. At the end of the dance, he kissed my neck. "So dainty," he said. "Do you pose in the nude?"

"No."

"Too bad."

I thought this was not so difficult to manage. It was time to pose again. The three hours passed quickly. He talked while he worked. He said he had married his first model; that she was unbearably jealous; that every now and then she broke into the studio and made scenes; that she would not let him paint from the nude. He had rented another studio she did not know about. Often he worked there. He gave parties there too. Would I like to come to one on Saturday night?

He gave me another little kiss on the neck as I left. He winked and said: "You won't tell the club on me?"

I returned to the club for luncheon because I could make up my face and freshen myself, and they gave us a cheap lunch. The other girls were there.

We fell into conversation. When I mentioned the invitation for Saturday night, they laughed, nodding at one another. I could not get them to talk. One girl had lifted up her skirt and was examining a mole way up her thighs. With a little caustic pencil she was trying to burn it away. I saw that she was not wearing panties, just a black satin dress which clung to her. The telephone would ring and then one of the girls would be called and go off to work.

The next was a young illustrator. He was wearing his shirt open at the neck. He did not move when I came in. He shouted at me, "I want to see a lot of back and shoulders. Put a shawl around yourself or something." Then he gave me a small old-fashioned umbrella and white gloves. The shawl he pinned down almost to my waist. This was for a magazine cover.

The arrangement of the shawl over my breasts was precarious. As I tilted my head at the angle he wanted, in a sort of inviting gesture, the shawl slipped and my breasts showed. He would not let me move. "Wish I could paint them in," he said.

He was smiling as he worked with his charcoal pencil. Leaning over to measure me, he touched the tips of my breasts with his pencil and made a little black mark. "Keep that pose," he said as he saw me ready to move. I kept it.

Then he said: "You girls sometimes act as if you thought you were the only ones with breasts or asses. I see so many of them they don't interest me, I assure you. I take my wife all dressed always. The more clothes she has on

the better. I turn off the light. I know too much how women are made. I've drawn millions of them."

The little touch of the pencil on my breasts had hardened the tips. This angered me, because I had not felt it a pleasure at all. Why were my breasts so sensitive, and did he notice it?

He went on drawing and coloring his picture. He stopped to drink a whiskey and offered me some. He dipped his finger in the whiskey and touched one of my nipples. I was not posing so I moved away angrily. He kept smiling at me. "Doesn't it feel nice?" he said. "It warms them."

It was true that the tips were hard and red.

"Very nice nipples you have. You don't need to use lipstick on them, do you? They are naturally rosy. Most of them have a leather color."

I covered myself.

That was all for that day. He asked me to come the next day at the same time.

He was slower in getting to his work on Tuesday. He talked. He had his feet up on his drawing table. He offered me a cigarette. I was pinning up my shawl. He was watching me. He said: "Show me your legs. I may do a drawing of legs next time."

"Sit down with your skirt up high," he said.

He sketched in the legs. There was a silence.

Then he got up, flung his pencil on the table, leaned over me and kissed me fully on the mouth, forcing my head backwards. I pushed him off violently. This made him smile. He slipped his hand swiftly up under my skirt, felt my thighs where the stockings stopped and before I could move was back in his seat.

I took the pose and said nothing, because I had just made a discovery— that in spite of my anger, in spite of the fact that I was not in love, the kiss and the caress on the naked thighs had given me pleasure. While I fought him off, it was only out of a habit, but actually it had given me pleasure.

The pose gave me time to awaken from the pleasure and remember my defenses. But my defenses had been convincing and he was quiet for the rest of the morning.

From the very first I had divined that what I really had to defend myself against was my own susceptibility to caresses. I was also filled with great curiosities about so many things. At the same time I was utterly convinced that I would not give myself to anyone but the man I fell in love with.

I was in love with Stephen. I wanted to go to him and say: "Take me, take me!" I suddenly remembered another incident, and that was a year before this when one of my aunts had taken me to New Orleans to the Mardi Gras.

Friends of hers had driven us in their automobile. There were two other young girls with us. A band of young men took advantage of the confusion, the noise, the excitement and gaiety to jump into our automobile, remove our masks and begin kissing us while my aunt raised an outcry. Then they disappeared into the crowd. I was left dazed and wishing that the young man who had taken hold of me and had kissed me on the mouth were still there. I was languid from the kiss, languid and stirred.

Back at the club I wondered what all the rest of the models felt. There was a great deal of talk about defending oneself, and I wondered whether it was all sincere. One of the loveliest models, whose face was not particularly beautiful but who had a magnificent body, was talking:

"I don't know what other girls feel about posing in the nude," she said, "I love it. Ever since I was a little girl I liked taking off my clothes. I liked to see how people looked at me. I used to take off my clothes at parties, as soon as people were a little drunk. I liked showing my body. Now I can't wait to take them off. I enjoy being looked at. It gives me pleasure. I get shivers of pleasure right down my back when men look at me. And when I pose for a whole class of artists at the school, when I see all those eyes on my body, I get so much pleasure, it is—well, it is like being made love to. I feel beautiful, I feel as women must feel sometimes when undressed for a lover. I enjoy my own body. I like to pose holding my breasts in my hand. Sometimes I caress them. I was once in burlesque. I loved it. I enjoyed doing that as much as the men enjoyed seeing it. The satin of the dress used to give me shivers— taking my breasts out, exposing myself. That excited me.

When men touched me I did not get as much excitement it was always a disappointment. But I know other girls who don't feel that way."

"I feel humiliated," said a red-haired model. "I feel my body is not my own, and that it no longer has any value ... being seen by everybody."

"I don't feel anything at all," said another. "I feel it's all impersonal. When men are painting or drawing, they no longer think of us as human beings. One painter told me that the body of a model on the stand is an objective thing, that the only moment he felt disturbed erotically was when the model took off her kimono. In Paris, they tell me, the model undresses right in front of the class, and that's exciting."

"If it were all so objective," said another girl, "they wouldn't invite us to parties afterwards."

"Or marry their models," I added, remembering two painters I had already met who had married their favorite models.

One day I had to pose for an illustrator of stories. When I arrived I found two other people already there, a girl and man. We were to compose scenes together, love scenes for a romance. The man was about forty, with a very mature, very decadent face. It was he who knew how to arrange us. He placed me in position for a kiss. We had to hold the pose while the illustrator photographed us. I was uneasy. I did not like the man at all. The other girl played the jealous wife who burst in upon the scene. We had to do it many times. Each time the man acted the kiss I shrank inside of myself, and he felt

it. He was offended. His eyes were mocking. I acted badly. The illustrator was shouting at me as if we were taking a moving picture, "More passion, put more passion into it!"

I tried to remember how the Russian had kissed me on returning from the dance, and that relaxed me. The man repeated the kiss. And now I felt he was holding me closer than he needed to, and surely he did not need to push his tongue into my mouth. He did it so quickly that I had no time to move. The illustrator started other scenes.

The male model said, "I have been a model for ten years now. I don't know why they always want young girls. Young girls have no experience and no expression. In Europe young girls of your age, under twenty, do not interest anyone. They are left in school or at home. They only become interesting after marriage."

As he talked I thought of Stephen. I thought of us at the beach, lying on the hot sand. I knew that Stephen loved me. I wanted him to take me. I wanted now to be made a woman quickly. I did not like being a virgin, always defending myself. I felt that everyone knew I was a virgin and was all the more keen to conquer me.

That evening Stephen and I were going out together. Somehow or other I must tell him. I must tell him that I was in danger of being raped, that he'd better do it first. No, he would then be so anxious. How could I tell him?

I had news for him. I was the star model now. I had more work than anyone in the club, there were more demands for me because I was a foreigner and had an unusual face. I often had to pose in the evenings. I told Stephen all this. He was proud of me.

"You like your posing?" he said.

"I love it. I love to be with painters, to see them work-good or bad, I like the atmosphere of it, the stories I hear. It is varied, never the same. It is really adventure."

"Do they ... do they make love to you?" Stephen asked.

"Not if you don't want them to."

"But do they try...?"

I saw that he was anxious. We were walking to my house from the railway station, through the dark fields. I turned to him and offered my mouth. He kissed me. I said, "Stephen, take me, take me, take me."

He was completely dumbfounded. I was throwing myself into the refuge of his big arms, I wanted to be taken and have it all over with, I wanted to be made woman. But he was absolutely still, frightened. He said, "I want to marry you, but I can't do it just now."

"I don't care about the marriage."

But now I became conscious of his surprise, and it quieted me. I was immensely disappointed by his conventional attitude. The moment passed. He thought it was merely an attack of blind passion, that I had lost my head. He was even proud to have protected me against my own impulses. I went home to bed and sobbed.

One illustrator asked me if I would pose on Sunday, that he was in a great rush to finish a poster. I consented. When I arrived he was already at work. It was morning and the building seemed deserted. His studio was on the thirteenth floor. He had half of the poster done. I got undressed quickly and put on the evening dress he had given me to wear. He did not seem to pay any attention to me. We worked in peace for a long while. I grew tired. He noticed it and gave me a rest. I walked about the studio looking at the other pictures. They were mostly portraits of actresses. I asked him who they were. He answered me with details about their sexual tastes:

"Oh, this one, this one demands romanticism. It's the only way you can get near her. She makes it difficult. She is European and she likes an intricate courtship. Halfway through I gave it up. It was too strenuous. She was very beautiful though, and there is something wonderful about getting a woman like that in bed. She had beautiful eyes, an entranced air, like some Hindu mystic. It makes you wonder how they will behave in bed.

"I have known other sexual angels. It is wonderful to see the change in them. These clear eyes that you can see through, these bodies that take such beautiful harmonious poses, these delicate hands ... how they change when

desire takes hold of them. The sexual angels! They are wonderful because it is such a surprise, such a change. You, for instance, with your appearance of never having been touched, I can see you biting and scratching ... I am sure your very voice changes—I have seen such changes. There are women's voices that sound like poetic, unearthly echoes. Then they change. The eyes change. I believe that all these legends about people changing into animals at night—like the stories of the werewolf, for instance—were invented by men who saw women transform at night from idealized, worshipful creatures into animals and thought that they were possessed. But I know it is something much simpler than that. You are a virgin, aren't you?"

"No, I am married," I said.

"Married or not, you are a virgin. I can tell. I am never deceived. If you are married your husband has not made you a woman yet. Don't you regret that? Don't you feel you are wasting time, that real living only begins with sensation, with being a woman...?"

This corresponded so exactly to what I had been feeling, to my desire to enter experience, that I was silent. I hated to admit this to a stranger.

I was conscious of being alone with the illustrator in an empty studio building. I was sad that Stephen had not understood my desire to become a woman. I was not frightened but fatalistic, desiring only to find someone I might fall in love with.

"I know what you are thinking," he said, "but for me it would not have any meaning unless the woman wanted me. I never could make love to a woman if she did not want me. When I first saw you, I felt how wonderful it would be to initiate you. There is something about you that makes me feel you will have many love affairs. I would like to be the first one. But not unless you wanted it."

I smiled. "That is exactly what I was thinking. It can only be if I want it, and I do not want it."

"You must not give that first surrender so much importance. I think that was created by the people who wanted to preserve their daughters for marriage, the idea that the first man who takes a woman will have complete power over her. I think that is a superstition. It was created to help preserve women from promiscuity. It is actually untrue. If a man can make himself be loved, if he can rouse a woman, then she will be attracted to him. But the mere act of breaking through her virginity is not enough to accomplish this. Any man can do this and leave the woman unaroused. Did you know that many Spaniards take their wives this way and give them many children without completely initiating them sexually just to be sure of their faithfulness? The Spaniard believes in keeping pleasure for his mistress. In fact, if he sees a woman enjoy sensuality, he immediately suspects her of being faithless, even of being a whore."

The illustrator's words haunted me for days. Then I was faced with a new problem. Summer had come and the painters were leaving for the country, for the beach, for far-off places in all directions. I did not have the money to

follow them, and I was not sure how much work I would get. One morning I posed for an illustrator named Ronald. Afterwards he set the phonograph going and asked me to dance. While we were dancing he said, "Why don't you come to the country for a while? It will do you good, you will get plenty of work, and I will pay for your trip. There are very few good models there. I am sure you will be kept busy."

So I went. I took a little room in a farmhouse. Then I went to see Ronald, who lived down the road in a shed, into which he had built a huge window. The first thing he did was to blow his cigarette smoke into my mouth. I coughed.

"Oh," he said, "you don't know how to inhale."

"I'm not at all interested," I said, getting up. "What kind of pose do you want?"

"Oh," he said laughing, "we don't work so hard here. You will have to learn to enjoy yourself a little. Now, take the smoke from my mouth and inhale it..."

"I don't like to inhale."

He laughed again. He tried to kiss me. I moved away.

"Oh, oh," he said, "you are not going to be a very pleasant companion for me. I paid for your trip, you know, and I'm lonely down here. I expected you to be very pleasant company. Where is your suitcase?"

"I took a room down the road."

"But you were invited to stay with me," he said.

"I understood you wanted me to pose for you."

"For the moment it is not a model I need."

I started to leave. He said, "You know, there is an understanding here about models who do not know how to enjoy themselves. If you take this attitude nobody will give you any work."

I did not believe him. The next morning I began to knock on the doors of all the artists I could find. But Ronald had already paid them a visit. So I was received without cordiality, like a person who has played a trick on another. I did not have the money to return home, nor the money to pay for my room. I knew nobody. The country was beautiful, mountainous, but I could not enjoy it.

The next day I took a long walk and came upon a log cabin by the side of a river. I saw a man painting there, out of doors. I spoke to him. I told him my story. He did not know Ronald, but he was angry. He said he would try to help me. I told him all I wanted was to earn enough to return to New York.

So I began to pose for him. His name was Reynolds. He was a man of thirty or so, with black hair, very soft black eyes and a brilliant smile—a recluse. He never went to the village, except for food, nor frequented the restaurants or bars. He had a lax walk, easy gestures. He had been on the sea, always on tramp steamers, working as a sailor so that he could see foreign countries. He was always restless.

He painted from memory what he had seen in his travels. Now he sat at the foot of a tree and never looked around him but painted a wild piece of South American jungle.

Once when he and his friends were in the jungle, Reynolds told me, they had smelled such a strong animal odor they thought they would suddenly see a panther, but out of the bushes had sprung with incredible velocity a woman, a naked savage woman, who looked at them with the frightened eyes of an animal, then ran off, leaving this strong animal scent behind her, threw herself into the river and swam away before they could catch their breath.

A friend of Reynolds had captured a woman like this. When he had washed off the red paint with which she was covered, she was very beautiful. She was gentle when well treated, succumbed to gifts of beads and ornaments.

Her strong smell repelled Reynolds until his friend had offered to let him have a night with her. He had found her black hair as hard and bristly as a beard. The animal smell made him feel he was lying with a panther. And she was so much stronger than he that after a while, he was acting almost like a

woman, and she was the one who was molding him to suit her fancies. She was indefatigable and slow to arouse. She could bear caresses that exhausted him, and he fell asleep in her arms.

Then he found her climbing over him and pouring a little liquid over his penis, something that at first made him smart and then aroused him furiously. He was frightened. His penis seemed to have filled with fire, or with red peppers. He rubbed himself against her flesh, more to ease the burning than out of desire.

He was angry. She was smiling and laughing softly. He began taking her with a rage, driven by a fear that what she had done to him would arouse him for the last time, that it was some sort of enchantment to get the maximum of desire from him, until he died.

She lay back laughing, her white teeth showing, the animal odor of her now affecting him erotically like the smell of musk. She moved with such vigor that he felt she would tear his penis away from him. But now he wanted to subjugate her. He caressed her at the same time.

She was surprised by this. No one seemed to have done this to her before. When he was tired of taking her, after two orgasms, he continued to rub her clitoris, and she enjoyed this, begging for more, opening her legs wide. Then suddenly she turned over, crouched on the bed and swung her ass upward at an incredible angle. She expected him to take her again, but he continued to caress her. After this it was always his hand that she sought. She rubbed

against it like a huge cat. During the day, if she met him she would rub her sex against his hand, surreptitiously.

Reynolds said that that night had made white women seem weak to him. He was laughing as he told the story.

His painting had reminded him of the savage woman hiding in the bushes, waiting like a tigress to leap and run away from the men who carried guns. He had painted her in, with her heavy, pointed breasts, her fine, long legs, her slender waist.

I did not know how I could pose for him. But he was thinking of another picture. He said, "It will be easy. I want you to fall asleep. But you will be wrapped in white sheets. I saw something in Morocco once that I always wanted to paint. A woman had fallen asleep among her silk spools, holding the silk weaving frame with her hennaed feet. You have beautiful eyes, but they'll have to be closed."

He went into the cabin and brought out sheets which he draped around me like a robe. He propped me against a wooden box, arranged my body and hands as he wanted them and began to sketch immediately. It was a very hot day. The sheets made me warm, and the pose was so lazy that I actually fell asleep, I don't know for how long. I felt languid and unreal. And then I felt a soft hand between my legs, very soft, caressing me so lightly I had to awaken to make sure I had been touched. Reynolds was bending over me, but with such an expression of delighted gentleness that I did not move. His eyes were tender, his mouth half open.

"Only a caress," he said, "just a caress."

I did not move. I had never felt anything like this hand softly, softly caressing the skin between my legs without touching my sex. He only touched the tips of my pubic hair. Then his hand slipped down to the little alley around the sex. I was growing lax and soft. He leaned over and put his mouth on mine, lightly touching my lips, until my own mouth responded, and only then did he touch the tip of my tongue with his. His hand was moving, exploring, but so softly, it was tantalizing. I was wet, and I knew if he moved just a little more he would feel this. The languor spread all through my body. Each time his tongue touched mine I felt as if there were another little tongue inside of me, flicking out, wanting to be touched too. His hand moved only around my sex, and then around my ass, and it was as if he magnetized the blood to follow the movements of his hands. His finger touched the clitoris so gently, then slipped between the lips of the vulva. He felt the wetness. He touched this with delight, kissing me, lying over me now, and I did not move. The warmth, the smells of plants around me, his mouth over mine affected me like a drug.

"Only a caress," he repeated gently, his finger moving around my clitoris until the little mound swelled and hardened. Then I felt as if a seed were bursting in me, a joy that made me palpitate under his fingers. I kissed him with gratitude. He was smiling. He said, "Do you want to caress me?"

I nodded yes, but I did not know what he wanted of me. He unbuttoned his pants and I saw his penis. I took it in my hands. He said, "Press harder." He

saw then that I did not know how. He took my hand in his and guided me. The little white foam fell all over my hand. He covered himself. He kissed me with the same grateful kiss I had given him after my pleasure.

He said, "Did you know that a Hindu makes love to his wife ten days before he takes her? For ten days they merely caress and kiss."

The thought of Ronald's behavior angered him all over again—the way he had wronged me in everybody's eyes. I said, "Don't get angry. I am happy he did it, because it made me walk away from the village and come here."

"I loved you as soon as I heard you speak with that accent you have. I felt as if I were traveling again. Your face is so different, your walk, your ways. You remind me of the girl I intended to paint in Fez. I saw her only once, asleep like this. I always dreamed of awakening her as I awakened you."

"And I always dreamed of being awakened with a caress like this," I said.

"If you had been awake I might not have dared."

"You, the adventurer, who lived with a savage woman?"

"I did not really live with the savage woman. That happened to a friend of mine. He was always talking about it, so I always tell it as if it had happened to me. I'm really timid with women. I can knock men down and fight and get drunk, but women intimidate me, even whores. They laugh at me. But this happened exactly as I had always planned it would happen."

"But the tenth day I will be in New York," I said laughing.

"The tenth day I will drive you back, if you have to go back. But meanwhile you are my prisoner."

For ten days we worked out in the open, lying in the sun. The sun would warm my body, as Reynolds waited for me to close my eyes. Sometimes I pretended I wanted him to do more to me. I thought that if I closed my eyes he would take me. I liked the way he would walk up to me, like a hunter, making no sound and lying at my side. Sometimes he lifted my dress first and looked at me for a long time. Then he would touch me lightly, as if he did not want to awaken me, until the moisture came. His fingers would quicken. We kept our mouths together, our tongues caressing. I learned to take his penis in my mouth. This excited him terribly. He would lose all his gentleness, push his penis into my mouth, and I was afraid of choking. Once I bit him, hurt him, but he did not mind. I swallowed the white foam. When he kissed me, our faces were covered with it. The marvelous smell of sex impregnated my fingers. I did not want to wash my hands.

I felt that we shared a magnetic current, but at the same time nothing else bound us together. Reynolds had promised to drive me back to New York. He could not stay in the country much longer. I had to find work.

During the drive back Reynolds stopped the car and we lay on a blanket in the woods, resting. We caressed. He said, "Are you happy?"

"Yes."

"Can you continue to be happy, this way? As we are?"

"Why, Reynolds, what is it?"

"Listen, I love you. You know that, but I can't take you. I did that to a girl once, and she got pregnant and had an abortion. She bled to death. Since then I haven't been able to take a woman. I'm afraid. If that should happen to you, I would kill myself."

I had never thought of things like this. I was silent. We kissed for a long time. For the first time he kissed me between the legs instead of caressing me, kissed me until I felt the orgasm. We were happy. He said, "This little wound women have ... it frightens me."

In New York it was hot and all the artists were still away. I found myself without work. I took up modeling in dress shops. I could easily get work, but when they asked me to go out in the evenings with the buyers I would refuse and lose the job. Finally I was taken into a big place near Thirty-fourth Street where they employed six models. This place was frightening and gray. There were long rows of clothes and a few benches for us to sit on. We waited in our slips, to be ready for quick changes. When our numbers were called, we helped one another dress.

The three men who sold the dress designs often tried to fondle us, squeeze us. We took turns staying during the lunch hour. My greatest fear was that I would be left alone with the man who was the most persistent.

Once when Stephen telephoned to ask if he would see me that evening, the man came up behind me and put his hand into my slip to feel my breasts. Not knowing what else to do, I kicked him while I held the phone and tried to go on talking to Stephen. He was not discouraged. Next, he tried to feel my ass. I kicked again.

Stephan was saying, "What is it, what are you saying?"

I ended the conversation and turned on the man. He was gone.

The buyers admired our physical qualities as much as the dresses. The head salesman was very proud of me and would often say, with his hand on my hair, "She's an artist's model."

This made me long to return to posing. I did not want Reynolds or Stephen to find me here in an ugly office building, wearing dresses for ugly salesmen and buyers.

Finally I was called to model at the studio of a South American painter. He had the face of a woman, pale with big black eyes, long black hair, and his gestures were languid and effete. His studio was beautiful—luxuriant rugs, large paintings of nude women, silk hangings; and there was incense burning. He said he had a very intricate pose to do. He was painting a big

horse running away with a naked woman. He asked if I had ever ridden on horseback. I said that I had, when I was younger.

"That is marvelous," he said, "exactly what I want. Now, I have made a contraption here which gives me the effect I need."

It was a dummy of a horse without a head, just the body and legs, with a saddle.

He said, "Take your clothes off first, then I will show you. I have difficulty with this part of the pose. The woman is throwing her body back because the horse is running wild, like this." He sat on the dummy horse to show me.

By now I no longer felt timid about posing nude. I took my clothes off and sat on the horse, throwing my body backwards, my arms flying, my legs clasp the horse's flanks so as not to fall. The painter approved. He moved away and looked at me. "It's a hard pose and I do not expect you to keep it very long. Just let me know when you get tired."

He studied me from every side. Then he came up to me and said, "When I made the drawing, this part of the body showed clearly, here, between the legs." He touched me lightly as if it were merely part of his work. I curved in my belly a little to throw the hips forward and then he said, "Now it is fine. Hold it."

He began to sketch. As I sat there I realized that there was one uncommon detail about the saddle. Most saddles, of course, are shaped to follow the

contour of the ass and then rise at the pommel, where they are apt to rub against a woman's sex. I had often experienced both the advantages and disadvantages of being supported there. Once my garter came loose from the stocking and began to dance around inside my riding trousers. My companions were galloping and I did not want to fall behind, so I continued. The garter, leaping in all directions, finally fell between my sex and the saddle and hurt me. I held on, gritting my teeth. The pain was strangely mixed with a sensation I could not define. I was a girl then and did not know anything about sex. I thought that a woman's sex was inside of her, and I did not know about the clitoris.

When the ride was over I was in pain. I mentioned what had happened to a girl I knew well and we both went into the bathroom. She helped me out of my trousers, out of my little belt with the garters on it, and then said,

"Are you hurt? That's a very sensitive spot. Maybe you'll never have any pleasure there if you got hurt."

I let her look at it. It was red and a little swollen, but not so very painful. What bothered me was her saying I might be deprived of a pleasure by this, a pleasure I did not know. She insisted on bathing it with a wet cotton, fondled me and finally kissed me, "to make it well."

I became acutely aware of this part of my body. Particularly when we rode a long while in the heat, I felt such a warmth and stirring between my legs that all I desired was to get off the horse and let my friend nurse me again. She was always asking me, "Does it hurt?"

So once I answered, "Just a little." We dismounted and went into the bathroom, and she bathed the chafed spot with cotton and cool water.

And again she fondled me, saying, "But it does not look sore anymore. Maybe you will be able to enjoy yourself again."

"I don't know," I said. "Do you think it has gone ... dead ... from the pain?"

My friend very tenderly leaned over and touched me. "Does it hurt?"

I lay back and said, "No, I do not feel anything."

"Don't you feel this?" she asked with concern, pressing the lips between her fingers.

"No," I said, watching her.

"Don't you feel this?" She passed her fingers now around the tip of the clitoris, making tiny circles.

"I don't feel anything."

She became eager to see if I had lost my sensibility and increased her caresses, rubbing the clitoris with one hand while she vibrated the tip with the other. She stroked my pubic hair and tender skin around it. Finally I felt

her, wildly, and I began to move. She was panting over me, watching me and saying, "Wonderful, wonderful, you can feel there..."

I was remembering this as I sat on the dummy horse and noticed that the pommel was quite accentuated. So the painter could see what he wanted to paint, I slid forward, and as I did so my sex rubbed against the leather prominence. The painter was observing me.

"Do you like my horse?" he said. "Do you know that I can make it move?"

"Can you?"

He came near me and set the dummy in motion, and indeed it was perfectly constructed to move like a horse.

"I like it," I said. "It reminds me of the times I rode horseback when I was a girl." I noticed that he stopped painting now to watch me. The motion of the horse pushed my sex against the saddle even harder and gave me great pleasure. I thought that he would notice it, and so I said, "Stop it now." But he smiled and did not stop it. "Don't you like it?" he said.

I did like it. Each movement brought the leather against my clitoris, and I thought I could not hold back an orgasm if it went on. I begged him to stop. My face was flushed.

The painter was carefully watching me, watching every expression of a pleasure I could not control, and now it increased so that I abandoned myself

to the motion of the horse, let myself rub against the leather, until I felt the orgasm and I came, riding this way in front of him.

Only then did I know that he expected it, that he had done all this to see me enjoy it. He knew when to stop the machinery. "You can rest now," he said.

Soon after I went to pose for a woman illustrator, Lena, I had met at a party. She liked company. Actors and actresses came to see her, writers. She painted for magazine covers. The door was always open. People brought drinks. The talk was acid, cruel. It seemed to me that all her friends were caricaturists. Everyone's weaknesses were immediately exposed. Or they exposed their own. One beautiful young man, dressed with great elegance, made no secret of his profession. He sat around at the big hotels, waited for old women who were alone and took them out to dance. Very often they invited him back to their rooms.

Lena made a wry face. "How can you do it?" she asked him. "Such old women, how can you possibly get an erection? If I saw a woman like that lying on my bed, I would run away."

The young man smiled. "There are so many ways of doing it. One is to close my eyes and to imagine it is not an old woman but a woman I like, and then when my eyes are closed I begin to think how pleasant it will be to be able to pay my rent the next day or to buy a new suit or silk shirts. And as I do this, I keep stroking the woman's sex without looking, and, you know, if your eyes are closed, they feel about the same, more or less. Sometimes, though, when I have difficulty I take drugs. Of course, I know that at this rate my

career will last about five years and that at the end of that time I will not be of any use even to a young woman. But by then I will be glad never to see a woman again.

"I certainly envy my Argentine friend, my roommate. He is a handsome, aristocratic man, absolutely effete. Women would love him. When I leave the apartment, do you know what he does? He gets up out of bed, pulls out a small electric iron and an ironing board, takes his pants and begins to press them. As he presses them he imagines how he will come out of the building so impeccably dressed, how he will walk down Fifth Avenue, how somewhere he will spy a beautiful woman, follow the scent of her perfume for many blocks, follow her into crowded elevators, almost touching her. The woman will be wearing a veil and a fur around her neck. Her dress will outline her figure.

"After following her thus through the shops, he will finally speak to her. She will see his handsome face smiling at her and the chivalrous way he has of carrying himself. They will go off together and sit having tea somewhere, then go to the hotel where she is staying. She will invite him to come up with her. They will get into the room and then pull down the shades and lie in the darkness making love.

"As he presses his pants carefully, meticulously, my friend imagines how he will make love to this woman—and it excites him. He knows how he will grip her. He likes to push his penis in from behind and raise the woman's legs, and then get her to turn just a little so that he can see it moving in and out. He likes the woman to squeeze the base of his penis at the same time;

her fingers press harder than the mouth of her sex, and that excites him. She will also touch his balls as he moves, and he will touch her clitoris, because that gives her a double pleasure. He will make her gasp and shake from head to foot and beg for more.

"By the time he has envisioned all this standing there, half naked, pressing his pants, my friend has a hard on. It is all he wants. He puts away the pants, the iron and the ironing board, and he gets into bed again, lying back and smoking, thinking over this scene until each detail of it is perfect and a drop of semen appears at the head of his penis, which he strokes while he lies smoking and dreaming of pursuing other women.

"I envy him because he can get so much excitement from thinking all this. He questions me. He wants to know how my women are made, how they behave..."

Lena laughed. She said, "It's hot. I will take my corset off." And she went into the alcove. When she came back her body looked free and lax. She sat down, crossed her bare legs, her blouse half-open. One of her friends sat where he could see her.

Another one, a handsome man, stood near me as I was posing and whispered compliments. He said, "I love you because you remind me of Europe—Paris especially. I don't know what there is about Paris, but there is sensuality in the air there. It is contagious. It is such a human city. I don't know whether it is because couples are always kissing in the streets, at tables in the cafés, in the movies, in the parks. They embrace each other so freely. They stop for

long complete kisses in the middle of the sidewalk, at the subway entrances. Perhaps it is that, or the softness of the air. I don't know. In the dark, in each doorway at night there is a man and a woman almost melted into one another. The whores watch for you every moment ... they touch you.

"One day I was standing on a platform bus, looking up idly at the houses. I saw a window open and a man and woman lying on a bed. The woman was sitting over the man.

"At five o'clock in the afternoon it becomes unbearable. There is love and desire in the air. Everybody is in the streets. The cafés are full. In the movies there are little boxes that are completely dark and curtained off so that you can make love on the floor while the movie is going on and not be seen. It is all so open, so easy. No police to interfere. A woman friend of mine who was followed and annoyed by a man complained to the policeman at the corner. He laughed and said, 'You'll be sorrier the day no man wants to annoy you, won't you? After all, you should be thankful instead of getting angry.' And he would not help her."

Then my admirer said in a lower voice, "Will you come and have dinner with me and go to the theatre?"

He became my first real lover. I forgot Reynolds and Stephen. They now seemed like children to me.

Pictorial: Look What's Watching You



Half-Girl and Half-Boy ... by Isabella Montsouris

[**Montreal**] I have a friend who is a bit mixed up. It's really not *their* fault. It is just that they came into the world not as an XX or an XY ... but as an XXY. Yes ... you read it correct ... half girl and half boy!

So how can I describe this unique person; Are they a she ... or a he? Is it a *they*?

They are a sibling of a female friend of mine. The friend is not really that close to me, but their sibling has sort of saddled up to me the past few months and I thought that not merely writing in my diary what I was feeling ... but that I would put words to paper and see it is published in *Le Minotaur*, so *they* could appreciate my thoughts.

To begin perhaps a few words about me. I am an artist in my twenties. I am bisexual, depending on my moods and appetites. A great deal depends on who I am with at any particular moment. Being bisexual means that if I want to I can wear a nice tight black cocktail dress and go to upscale restaurants with men who fancy themselves as bulls, and then the next night dress up in old jeans and end that night buckled into a strap on being a bull myself on my *lust* interest...

It is all about *lust* and *thrust* ... who said boys have all the fun!

They are a few years younger than I am. It is hard for me to know just how much younger for the usual anatomical clues are missing, or mixed-up. If I am going to continue with this story I have to give XXY a name don't I? I could just share with you the name they go by but then odds are you might stumble across them at some gathering here in Montreal and then that pussy cat would be out of the bag. So let me call them ... KT (short for Kitty ... the cat metaphor will meow itself later in this story).

KT is still trying to sort out a preference, for unlike me and my strap on, KT has a huge clitoris, bigger than the penises on some boys I have let fiddle-diddle me. How do I know? KT did it with me and then later saw it ... and told me a little about their unique life.

KT grew up with a brother and a sister, and is the middle child. Within their household KT's mother could accept the ambiguity, but the father could not. KT's mother was very supporting of the circumstances. The father kept on insisting 'something must be done ...' to make KT into a *proper* girl, or a *proper* boy.

Luckily, despite paternal pressures, KT's doctors let KT wait until the teenage years before deciding ... does KT want to be a girl or a boy?

It seems KT had the best of both worlds, a large clitoris that looked very much like a penis, the distinct absence of a scrotum, and a small vagina. This makes me wonder what makes a girl ... a girl, or a boy ... a boy?

KT waited until puberty to see what might happen. By fifteen when KT hadn't yet menstruated KT went to a specialist who did an ultrasound and found that there was a uterus and two ovaries inside KT's body and two small testicles as well (the size of peanuts) that had not descended. That left KT unable to menstruate because of the tug of war between the female and male sex hormones.

It has been a few years now and KT is still undecided. I suspect this is why KT decided to saddle up with me. KT knows that I am a bisexual ... and open minded. But my knowing KT is rather unique even for me!

I met KT at a party almost two years ago. KT came to the party with his sister and when the sister left to make the rounds I was left in a dark corner talking with KT. At the time I had no clue about the ambiguity. KT dresses like a boy and so I thought ... 'here's my friend's younger brother.' Being with a 'brother' of a girl friend leaves one with a safe feeling that no matter how intimate things might get, things would not swing to the weird.

I was in a mood that night and sensed that KT was in one too so we ducked out the back and went for a walk. I had drunk a bit too much and just had a bad break up and KT seemed to sense my angst. We talked around things. I sort of took an interest in KT and before I knew it I had let KT kiss me ... or maybe it was I who kissed KT. We happened upon a picnic table at a park and before I knew it KT was petting my boobs through my blouse. I unbuttoned my blouse and slipped my brassiere up and let my boobs free and KT was caressing them.

I had never done it in a public place like a park before. It was a real turn on.

I was wet between my legs so I sat on KT's lap but not before I slipped out of my panties. There I was straddling across KT's lap and KT froze. Usually a boy would be pawing me between my legs by then but KT just froze. I reached down between my legs and unbuckled the belt on KT's pants then got up and turned my back to KT as I leaned across the picnic table.

I could hear the buckle on KT's pants jangle as they were brought down and then felt soft flesh against my backside. I was expecting the thrust of something between my legs and into the wetness of me ...

Instead I felt a tickle as some flesh rubbed against the sensitive skin of my vagina. I thought boy is he small, so I turned and without looking down I let KT thrust into me from the front. Again there was a strange tickle and not a thrust. I had experienced a similar sensation before when I was *au pares* but never did I feel this sensation with a boy.

It then dawned on me to reach down and I felt a prominence, what I thought was a penis, but there was not much to it. I felt some empty skin beneath the prominence. A rush came over me; this boy had not balls, and so can't make a baby! I lost my head and wanted him to thrust deep inside of me.

I pressed KT closer to me and kissed him hard thinking maybe his erection would respond to this. KT did get a bit bigger ... I could feel that ... and

was able to just poke into my vagina. I thrust my hips forward as far as I could and could feel KT's warm flesh against my wetness.

We grinded against each other and I had an orgasmic flood that spilled down the inside of my legs. As I was feeling all this rush of emotion I looked keenly into KT's face and saw even in the dim light a flush and blush to match.

When it was all over I leaned back and looked down and then realized that KT was not a big boy but why should that matter to me. I kneeled down and wanted to flute KT then and there but no ... KT pushed me away, turned round, pulled up his pants and started to rush off, almost in hysterics.

I chased after KT but KT disappeared into the night. I went back to look for my panties but could not find them. Then it dawned on me KT had grabbed them, maybe stuffed them in his pocket and ran off with them as a keepsake.

I guessed KT had never done anything like this before. I smiled ... that sort of meant something didn't it.

Two days later my girlfriend caught up to me and asked what had happened between KT and me the night of the party. So I told her. She was strangely quiet and unbelieving.

"Is KT ok?" I asked.

She shrugged her shoulders. “KT wants to come and talk with you.” This was said without emphasis.

I was strangely apprehensive. “Sure he can come ...”

A flicker of a smile passed across her face when I said ‘he.’ “When?”

“How about this Friday night?”

“Where?”

“My place. Why don’t the two of you drop by?”

There was a pause as she thought it through. “I might come with KT, but I think the two of you need to be alone when you talk. KT is very private and very sensitive.”

I hesitated, trying to make sense to the private and sensitive thing. “Sure ...”

“Promise me you will not be judgmental!” Was this an older sister looking after a younger brother?

I really did not know what to expect ... and what happened was the unexpected.

I had heard of sexual ambiguity when we had studied genes in biology. A certain percentage of children are born XYY and XXY. The XYY are

endowed with Down's syndrome and are easy to spot. Those endowed with XXY are less obvious. I suspect there are more XXY's than XYY's in the world, and that some of the XXY's are the Amazonian women in sports, but they may also some of the diminutive women that we see around us and take for granted ... small breasts, small hips and the like.

Friday evening came and around the time I expected them I was kept waiting. It was about a half hour later after when we had arranged to meet up that I heard a tentative knock at the door.

I opened the door. It was KT. "Come in ... " I looked past KT. He was alone.

"My sister is not coming. She drove me here but ... "

"But what?" I closed the door.

"We had a fight in the car. I didn't want her to come with me. She'll pick me up in an hour."

KT was wearing the same clothes as last time we met. I led the way in.

"Sorry about the mess," swinging my hand round my studio apartment.

KT looked around and saw my easel with a half-finished painting on it. "Oh, I forgot my sis told me you're an artist. Here ..." right up front KT handed me back my panties. "I should not have taken them."

“Do you want to keep them?” I smiled when I asked.

KT shook his head. “I just wanted to prove something to my sister.”

That piqued my curiosity. “Prove what?”

“That I could ...” KT lowered his eyes, “...‘do it’ with a girl.” The way this was said KT did not seem boastful.

“Did you tell your sister who you ‘did it’ with?” I asked.

“No ... but I think she figured it out. That’s why she wanted to come with me.”

KT blushed suddenly. “There is something I want to ask you.”

“Yes ...” I responded politely, for I sensed it would be something important.

“Did you enjoy ...” KT paused “...‘doing it’ with me?”

I felt my face flush. “Well yes to be perfectly honest, but ...”

KT’s head shot up. “But what?”

“Can I make you some tea ...” It was the first thing that popped into my mind.

“But what!” KT was agitated.

“Coffee then ... I think we need to talk.” I made us some instant coffee.

And so we sat and we did talk for about a half hour and as we talked KT opened up to me bit by little bit about why ‘doing it’ had been so different for both of us.

I thought to begin with KT was one of these lonely puppies. I have had a few and had learned the hard way how hard it was to get a lonely puppy to stray somewhere else. There was nothing worse than a boy who had ‘done it’ for the first time with you and then expected to marry you and have kids, and well, get on with some sort of ‘familial bliss,’ all because you felt pity on them and gave them their first split second of lust!

Boys have fragile personalities, more so than girls. And they frustrate so easily. Girls and boys cannot be ‘just friends.’ So when a lonely puppy expected more I would simply say ‘we can’t do it ... ‘cause I was having my period’ ... and then I would give them the ‘luck’ they wanted some other way, making sure they had to go home with a pair of mucked up pants.

I wondered about KT. Right up front I told KT we couldn’t be ‘friends with benefits,’ if that’s what *he* wanted. KT had a blank expression on his face

when I said this, as if my words had not registered. The ‘no friends with benefits’ didn’t seem to bother KT ... perhaps he wasn’t a lonely puppy?

So I chose a different line. I told KT that when he thrust into me it felt so different than what I had felt before with other boys. It was when I said this KT slowly and quietly opened up to me.

“It seems,” KT said to me, “I am both a girl and a boy ... at the same time. I am a hermaphrodite.”

I remained silent and tried to set a neutral expression on my face. But even as a bisexual my insides were topsy-turvy. In retrospect I can only imagine how hard it was for KT to talk about being “both a girl and a boy” with a stranger.

KT went silent and then looked around my studio. KT got up and started to walk about, then did an unexpected thing. KT started to strip and then said “draw me.”

On top there were small breasts, perhaps that of a fifteen year old girl. The hips were almost that of a girl about the same age. KT had no hair anywhere on the body except on the head and eye brows.

But where there should not be anything prominent there was a hybrid between a clitoris and a penis. KT had no scrotum, only two flaps of skin that could best be described as the unfinished beginnings of a labia major.

As I watched, KT's prominence began to get a little more noticeable. It seemed the thing to do, to start by drawing KT's prominence.



He looked up at me and asked “well ... what do you think?”

“I have never drawn anyone as ...” I had to choose the next word carefully, and I thought that I had “... *special* as you.”

But the word *special* set KT off. “Special ... special ... that’s what my mom calls me ... I am tired of the word special. Can’t you use another word instead?”

“Unique?”

KT chortled “that word sounds a bit too much like eunuch.”

“Then another word instead ...” I quickly said apologetically.

KT looked up at me almost sheepishly. “No ... unique will do. It sounds like eunuch and that is sort of what I am. I am a girl on the inside and a boy on the outside. But being half girl ... half boy means that I can never be a mother or a father; I don’t menstruate and I can’t produce sperm, but ...”“

“But what?”

KT looked up at me with an earnest expression. “The other day ... when we were ‘doing it’ ... I felt something.”

When KT said ‘felt something’ my heart skipped a beat. I suddenly realized that I was getting wet between my legs. I set down my pad and pencil and approached KT. “What did you feel?”

“I think I actually had an orgasm as I thrust into you.”

I was now standing directly in front of KT. “Did you. Did you really?” I was staring at the prominence. I could see it was throbbing with KT’s heart beat.

“Yes, and I think I may have actually even ejaculated.” When KT said this I looked up to see a giant smile on KT’s face. “It was the first time I had an orgasm and the first time anything had squirted out of me. I have tried. Believe me I have. I have masturbated so often it’s a wonder ‘it’ hasn’t fallen off.”

The way this was said even KT could not decide whether ‘it’ was a penis or a clitoris. KT had yet to figure out whether ‘it’ made KT a girl or a boy.

I reached over and touched it. KT shuddered at my touch. I had touched penises and clitorises before. KT’s ‘it’ was clearly neither. I was curious to see what would happen so I started to caress ‘it.’ The two flaps of skin swayed lazily. Between the flaps there was a small flesh colored opening, obviously where KT peed.

As I continued to caress KT there was a quiet knock at the door. We both ignored the knock. Then after a few more seconds there was another more insistent knock. I stopped my caress.

“It’s my sister ... her timing is always bad. Maybe you should let her in.”

I turned and with my back to KT asked “shouldn’t you put your clothes back on?”

“No, why ... she’s seen me naked many times before. Besides if she asks, you have been drawing me haven’t you?”

So I answered the door. Her sister did not seem surprised or upset to find KT standing there naked, but she did keep her back turned to KT when she stood in the studio.

“Doing some art I see.” There was an edge to her words.

I nodded.

“Should I come back a little later?” she asked.

“I don’t know,” I responded, “ask KT.”

KT was quiet.

“I don’t mind coming back a little later, if the two of you want some more alone time.” Sis looked over her shoulder at KT. “You seem to be getting along ...” then turned back to face me. “Are you the one KT ‘did it’ with the other day?”

“Sis! That’s the last time I am going to tell you personal things ever again!” KT was angry.

Sis turned and scowled in return and shot back “That’s what you have been saying for years.” In her frustration she took a swing with her hand and wacked KT’s prominence. KT flinched and covered ‘it’ with his hands.

“You know it is long past time for you to decide ... girl or boy ... girl or boy ... one or the other.”

Keeping the prominence covered, KT looked down at his ‘it.’ (I use the pronoun *his* because as KT did this it seemed like the right pronoun.)

Watching sis chastise KT like that made me hot and bothered, so I answered her. “Yes he did it with me the other day, and I rather enjoyed it. And I think KT wants to do it again ...”

“Well then I better be going!” She gave out a sigh.

She looked up at me and in almost a whisper said “when we were young I use to let KT play with me. Now he wants to play with someone else.”

Sis turned and started for the door. KT rushed to behind his sister and wrapped his arms around her. “Don’t be angry with me sis. If you were angry at me I would have no one in my life.”

It was then that I had a stroke of genius. I grabbed two big fluffy paint brushes and handed sis one.

“What’s this for?” KT had not yet let her go.

“You’ll see.” I tickled KT’s back with my brush. KT started to giggle. I painted down the small of his back, and KT started to arch his body. He let go of sis.

Sis turned around and watched what I was doing for a few seconds, indecisive as to what she should do next. Sis looked up at KT’s face and smiled. Instinctively I knew that KT’s eyes were closed. From where I was standing I could not see the expression on KT’s face, but I imagined it was a

mix between pleading and pleasure, the type of expression I had seen on many a *lust* interest when we set off onto something adventurous.

I thought to myself how amazingly similar that expression is on the face of a girl and a boy ... as they reach resolution or fulfilment.

Then sis slowly started to tickle KT's right breast. KT stood transfixed. By then I was down to the top of his buttocks.

I studied KT's posterior. The shape of KT was somewhat more feminine than masculine. KT's torso was not rectangular but shaped like a cello. KT's bum was round like a woman's not square and angular like a man's. KT's hips were more like a girl's than a boy's, as was the space between the thighs.

KT opened his legs a bit. Sis started to tickle his left breast. I started to tickle his thighs from behind and beneath. I could see goose bumps pop up all over KT's body.

From the angle of her hand I could tell that sis was now painting KT's torso and stomach. I could see KT's buttocks starting to tense. I knew from experience that with a boy ... this was a prelude to resolution ...

I guess I was really curious to watch, so I knelt down and peered straight through KT's legs. This was an angle I had never seen before in either a man or woman. I could see the soft pink skin between KT's thighs. Along with the large hanging folds of skin, there was another small set of lips, and

hidden away within the second fold was a pink crevice that was perhaps a very small vagina. Were it not for the prominence then KT might very much be a girl.

So I painted up between KT's legs ... the big and small lips, and the pinkness of KT ... just as sis was painting the prominence from in front.

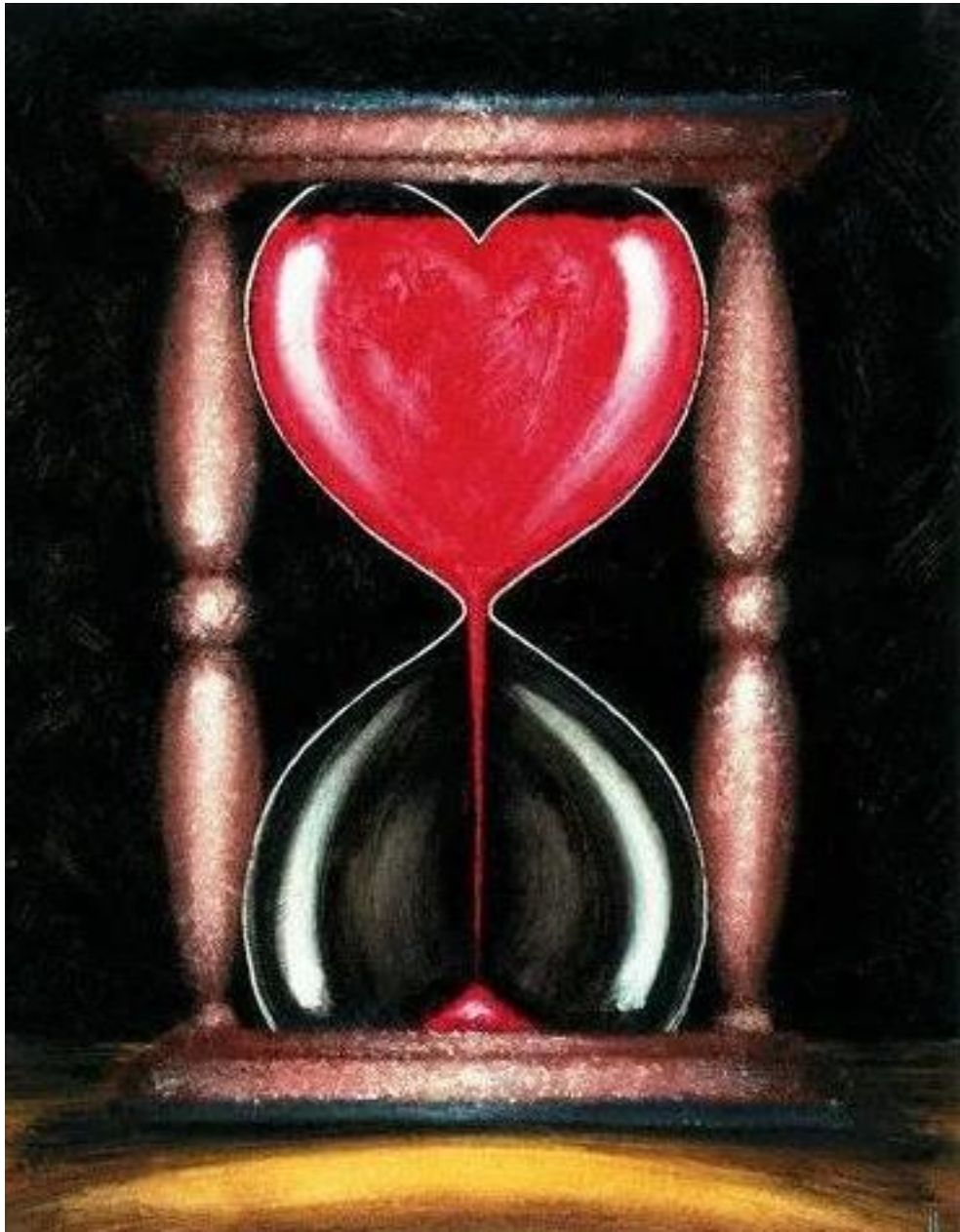
KT started to sway back and forth and breath with a ragged "huff ... huff ... huff." We both knew to paint faster, much faster. Then after a few rapid seconds we heard KT take in a sudden breath and sort of meowed like a cat ... actually a *MEA*...then it happened.

Being teased and tickled this way by two girls was heaps too much for KT and brought on resolution. I watched as a splash of clear liquid came out of the tip of KT's small sex. Three times KT spasmed uncontrollably and three times a small fountain of thick liquid arched and splashed onto the hard wood floor, catching the light as it arched through the air like priceless little diamonds.

All told it was perhaps a half-teaspoon's worth but it was obvious to us girls that this was a boy's fulfillment.

Then KT started to cry.

Pictorial: Perhaps This is What Love is Really About ...



Pamela Green and the Art of the Nude by T. H. Pine

If you were an aficionado of the female form in 1950s America, the name of Betty Page was probably at the top of your list. If you were an aficionado living in Britain, however, your list would be topped by another name - Pamela Green.

While Betty Page virtually dropped from sight in 1957, after less than a decade of modeling, Pamela continued until the late 1970s, enjoying a career that spanned four decades. During this time she was the subject of what I consider to be the most striking photographs of the female nude ever done.

Far from being merely "girlie pictures", these photos were elevated to a level formerly only occupied by oil paintings. Pamela worked with a number of prominent photographers and produced, like Bunny Yeager in America, a great deal of her own work. She combined the skills of a dancer, painter and model with her God-given beauty and created a vast body of work that stands as an unequalled monument to taste and talent.

What follows is a compilation of historical facts garnered from articles, taped interviews from British radio, and answers to my correspondence and phone calls. It is a fascinating chronicle of Pamela's career, beginning in the late '40s and continuing to the present day. As you will discover, Pamela is a witty, charming lady and a pleasure to get to know.



Pamela got her start doing nude modeling for photographers at the tender age of seventeen. This was due more to economics than anything else, since things were tight right after the Second World War. Prior to this she had done some modeling and "life modeling" [nude modeling] for art classes in her school to defray the costs of her art education. She was paid four shillings and sixpence an hour for costume sittings, and five shillings for nude sittings.

"One day a friend of mine said,

'You know, if you work for photographers they pay you a Guinea [21 shillings, or a pound and 1 shilling] an hour.' So I thought, 'Well, that's a bit better', so I went up Greek Street and I found a

photographer called Douglas Webb and I banged on his door and I said, 'Are you interested in figure models?' and he said, 'Well yes, let's have a look first.' So I undressed and he took some photographs. I did a sitting for him with a lot of white lilac, which I remember he'd nicked out of his mum's garden (laughs). His mum was not best pleased."

All went well until it came time to sign the release form for the session. Doug Webb noticed a particular article of clothing Pam was donning.

"He said, 'What are you putting on?' I said, 'My school scarf.' He said, 'Good God! How old are you?' I said, 'Seventeen'."

Doug informed Pamela of the need for parental permission for such work. This, surprisingly, turned out to be no problem, as Pamela's folks trusted her better judgment.

"I don't think she [her mother] minded in the slightest. My family were very open. I mean, there was no shame about nakedness. My father ... was a very good artist, and used to love drawing nudes. He eventually did a wood sculpture of me in the nude and it was just one of those things. She trusted me. She said, 'You wouldn't do anything silly', and in those days the photographers were very straight - they were very good - there were no problems ever."

On the photographer's side of it, Doug relates his memories of how it was back then:

"There was never a written law laid down on the age of a model to pose for photographs, only the age of consent, which at the time we are talking about was twenty-one. The legality of a model release signed by a minor who was under the age of twenty-one would be the only problem if the picture was published without the permission of the parents or legal guardian. It was possible to publish photographs of naked children, and indeed to take them without restriction, perfectly legally.

"To give you some idea, it is the custom of people of Greek and Indian origin to have their children photographed completely nude, whatever sex, to show everyone that the child is without any blemish, and complete with all limbs, fingers and toes. How they get on now I don't know, because no photographer would be able to take these pictures. There was never a law that defined what was permissible. The police would initiate a prosecution and the case would be judged by a magistrate under the Vagrancy Act of 1604."

Given the situation today, it seems amazing that such openness existed in the 1940s. What is also striking, in our litigious times, was the paucity of laws pertaining to the subject then. How things have changed!

That fortuitous first session led to much work for Pamela with Doug Webb, a number of camera clubs, other top photographers [such as Bertram Park, Angus McBean, John Craven, Zoltan Glass, Bill Brandt and Weegee], commercials and fashion house "corset work" [undergarment modeling].



"The fashion models were a bit 'iffy' about this and didn't want to do corset work. It wasn't quite the thing, but if you did corset work, you got paid two Guineas an hour, so it was very profitable."

That was during the day. At night, Pamela performed in a number of "*Folies-Bergere*" type reviews. At one casino she worked as a nude, stand-in dancer. Stand-in dancers did just what the name implies, for a dancer at that time wasn't allowed to actually dance in the nude.

"Nudes were not allowed to move on stage from '47 to '59." Pam wrote in a letter, making her point emphatically. "Move, and they closed the show."

Pamela was asked in a BBC interview about the opportunities open to her at the time.

"I might have gone on from there. I had the chance of going to Miami but it was a bit 'iffy' because it was evident that they put this girl in a

golden cage and everybody chucked their keys in, and whoever got the key, got the girl! So I decided that wasn't for me. And the other one was the Nouvelle Eve in Paris, or the Folies-Bergere, but I was determined really to go on with modeling."

The more I learned about Pamela, the more impressed I became with her dedication to her art. She regards her body as an artisan regards his or her tools - something to be cared for in order to do professional work. The reason is evident when you read the comments of Doug Webb.

"I suppose I was one of the few people in London, or anywhere in England who could say, 'Yes, well go in there. Take your clothes off. I'll have a look at you,' but that's how we used to work because it's difficult to describe what girls could do to their figure. But some of them, seventeen and eighteen, have done unbelievable things and of course, the thing is, if you're going to do really good pictures you've got to have a good body to photograph and you've also got to have one that's got no scars or marks on it. Of course, a lot of girls have had operations - appendix, peritonitis - all sorts of things, and surgeons are not too worried about what they leave behind as far as [scars], or certainly weren't in those days. I think the cosmetic thing goes a bit deeper now, but in those days they really used to leave horrendous scars, and of course that was the main concern, because my stuff was sold all over the world and in America in particular, they were very, very particular about those sort of things."

At seventeen, Pamela had a striking figure, as her early photographic work attests to, and she took the requirements of her craft seriously. Her body was

her instrument and she cared for it like the artist she indeed was. In addition to the usual dietary restrictions, there were many other considerations to take into account. The type of photography Pamela did - artistic nudes - demanded it of her. It was her chosen path and she chose to walk it well. She took great pains to prepare herself for what made her name a byword in Great Britain and Europe.



Pamela age seventeen

All of the things Pamela studied were put to use. Her artist's training was one of the colors on her pallet, as were her dance lessons. Because of this, she was considered a pleasure to work with. In a letter, I asked Doug how Pamela was to photograph.

"Pamela has the rare gift of posing not just her body perfectly, but also hands and feet as well, all in one movement." Doug wrote. "This is the result

of her dance training and the ability to take direction and concentrate on what she is doing, to the extent of moving a quarter-of-an-inch one way or another. Also, [she gave] a very great feeling of wanting the very best result possible, even when she was a paid model. Very many girls were a drag to work with, with the feeling that this was a job to be done through to earn money. Also, many of them do not know their right from their left."

While listening to a taped BBC interview, I heard Pamela mention that she was a practicing nudist. I asked her in a letter if nude modeling led her to nudism. The answer I received was further testament to her dedication to her work:

"I joined a nudist camp in order to obtain an even tan," Pamela wrote in response. "No photographer would use a model with suntan marks."

To the person viewing nude photos, a life of scampering naked in front of the camera might seem like fun and games. According to Pamela, however, it is often hard and demanding work. As an example of this, Pamela related to me the following humorous anecdote in one of her letters. Again, it serves to underline her commitment to her art.

"I wore no restricting underwear or clothing when I was due to model, so there were no pressure marks on my body. On this occasion I only wore a black cloak, fastened at the neck by a clasp. At the end of the day's shooting I was cold, tired and hungry. We had a forty-mile drive back to where we were staying with friends. Doug stopped in Bodmin, a small town in the

middle of the Cornish moors and went to buy us some fish and chips from a local shop. As I got out of the car and was standing in the middle of the main street, the clasp of my cloak broke and my cloak fell to my feet, leaving me facing holiday makers and oncoming traffic - stark naked! I was too cold to care; I just bent down and picked the cloak up."

Often, embarrassment was the least of Pamela's problems during a shoot. At times, her sessions took on the air of an ordeal.

"When we [Pamela and Doug] were working in Cornwall, one November off Watergate Bay, [it] was bitterly cold. What I used to do, I would pour olive oil all over my body. That kept the cold out, and if you wanted the effect of water, I would whip into the sea, come out in a hurry, and all the water drops would be on me. I could do that for about twenty minutes before, as he [Doug] said, 'You're no good to me, you're turning blue', but I got used to it."

In spite of the difficulties, Pamela was ever the trooper. Not only did she suffer for her art; she managed to do it with aplomb. This brush with the public, while Pamela and Doug were setting up for a shoot, shows how unflappable she could be.

"I had a marvelous thing that happened with the public. [It] was when we were working Watergate [Bay]. We were right down [on] the end. We got there, I undressed, left him [Doug] with the gear, walked 'round this rock-stack, and there was this seven-year-old boy holding a very tiny seagull chick and I had nothing on, except a scarf and long hair. 'Oh Miss!' he said, 'He's fallen out of his nest.' and I thought 'He doesn't even realize I'm

standing here with nothing on.' So I said, 'I'm not quite sure I know what you want.' [He said,] 'Well, couldn't you climb the rock and put him back?' Then his mum, who was a lifeguard, appeared with a brown and white spaniel and she wasn't willing to climb the rock and Doug came 'round and said, 'What's going on?' and the boy handed me this chick and it dived straight between the 'bristols'! It was the warmest place to be, according to it. So there I was, with this seagull, and Doug said, "Look, put it down. We've got some work to do. We'll think about it afterwards,' and they went off and the boy still saying, 'Oh, the poor seagull chick! It will drown!'

"At the end of the day I got dressed in a bikini, walked back, and there was the seagull chick sitting there and it ran towards me. I picked it up and it tucked itself inside the bikini top, wrapped my scarf [around it] and that was it! I was going to go home like that. So, in the end I said to Doug, 'Try and climb.' So he climbed the rock-stack and I handed him the [seagull chick] and he put it back and it did survive, 'cause I saw it the next day."

I think it appropriate at this time to make an observation regarding "art nude" photography in general. To most, the distinction between "art nude" and pornographic, pictures is barely discernable. The fact that men are the primary buyers of such photos further muddies the waters, but there is a difference. Too often, the term "girlie", or "nudie" pictures lumps the bad in with the good. Professionally done art nudes and many amateur examples as well, are of good quality, with well-posed models, often showing only their bosoms and discreetly displayed pubic areas. Old French postcard sets (the non-pornographic ones), for instance, were prime examples. Often

denigrated as strictly naughty fare for perverts, they displayed a high degree of skill and artistic talent.

The primary differences between pornographic and art nudes is evident when you consider the subject matter. Pornographic photos show the most intimate aspects of the genitalia. Sometimes the very sex act itself is photographed. The "art nude" is a celebration of the entire human form, be it male or female. The genitalia are displayed but not emphasized. If a man and a woman are in the same photo, the sex act is never shown, or even simulated. The beauty of the human form, and the play of light on that form, is the subject. Women often smile at these explanations, especially when offered by enthusiastic males, but it is nevertheless a fact. The pornographic caters to lust; the "art nude", while sensual and sometimes erotic, displays beauty.

Another factor to consider is the model's face and eyes. If you look at art nudes, most of the time the model is not looking directly at the lens. She is on display like the subject of a still life. Only occasionally does she favor the viewer with a direct look, as if to say, "Yes, I'm a real woman." The purpose here is not merely to titillate and excite male viewers but to create an appreciation for the artistic display of the female body. Pamela, in answer to a question concerning modesty vs. nudity, seems to second my thinking.



"It is a matter of taste. The female and male body has been used by artists since recorded time. Think of the Venus de Milo, ancient Egypt and even further back: Chinese art. While I was still an art student, I had hitchhiked around France and Italy in 1949 for the prime purpose of visiting the major art galleries. In Paris, I saw the nude paintings of Degas and Renoir, also the Venus de Milo in the Louvre. In Florence, I spent hours in front of the Botticelli painting *The Birth of Venus* and you can't get more naked than that. I believe that a beautifully photographed nude is a work of art and in no way immodest; but there is a very fine line between modesty and prudishness. In that case there would be antagonism."

In regard to prudishness, Pamela once participated in a 1964 BBC *Woman's Hour* interview. She responded to an accusatory letter regarding a television

show featuring her short film *The Window Dresser* in which she appeared nude.

"I can't understand why a woman should be embarrassed or degraded by looking at a nude body. I don't understand what there is degrading about a nude body - we've all got one. I've been a model now for about ten years, and in that time I have never come across this attitude from women. I started off - before I was a model I was an art student - and we used to do an awful lot of life drawing, and that's why I think I never really sort of thought about [it]. If I'm nude, I don't think of myself as naked."

Another letter defending Pamela was received and read on the air. In it, the woman wrote she neither felt ashamed nor degraded, and asked what the difference was between painted nudes, which are considered art, and photographed nudes, which are not.

"I do see that," Pamela agreed. "Because photography is a fairly new thing when it comes to nudes, and art has been accepted since, well, before Michelangelo. I suppose eventually they'll start saying that nudes in photography are called art and nudes in some [other form], whatever the new medium may be, are disgusting.

"To my mind, a complete nude is not sexy. A partially clothed nude can be sexy, if you see certain programs and glamour shows where dresses are designed to show just so much cleavage, and the girls walk, sort of wiggling their behinds, to me this could be sexy. It could be corrupting if you like, but a complete nude, there's no sex appeal attached to it at all really."

When I asked Pamela about what advice she would give a young woman looking to embark on a career similar to hers, she offered this surprising answer:

"My advice would be- don't. Ninety-nine percent of the pictures published today verge on the pornographic, if not actually so, and this is the kind of work that you would be asked to do."

I thought her answer to be somewhat unequivocal, so I brought up the subject during a subsequent phone call. I asked her if she really felt there were no opportunities to do quality, non-pornographic nude work.

"Maybe one day in the future but at the present moment all the stuff, quite frankly, is semi-pornographic and, quite frankly, they use a girl once - they may pay her well - [but] they use it to death and that's it. There is no market for really good nudes. Occasionally you may see one in an advertisement, but on the whole the stuff is, quite frankly, rubbish."

I then asked about photography for the genre magazines, such as *Femme Fatales*.

"They're looking at pictures like mine, which were done in the fifties and sixties. See, people like the time when Bridget Bardot was around and then Marilyn Monroe, when you had the truly beautiful women and actresses and real glamour. The youngsters today are curious and they like the look of it and older people of course. It's nostalgia."

In a 1993 interview on BBC radio, Pamela made the following observation.

"I think three quarters of it [nudity today] is rubbish. I think also that it has gone so far with the magazines that you see that I don't know where it's going to stop. I mean, it is no longer an artistic thing. It is - anything goes anything shows - and what do you follow on from that, really? The pictures from about 1967 to 1978, the stuff I did with Doug of course were different again, because, whereas you always had to shave [the pubic area], by the time you got to the seventies you didn't have that problem anymore. You could pose better, a lot freer, do a lot more things, but I would never do anything like you see in the magazines that are on the very top shelf of Smith's [a British convenience and magazine shop], that you can't reach (laughs). I don't know where it's going to go to from here."

In an Omnibus interview conducted by David McGillivray, which ironically took place at a nudist camp, Pamela was asked about the question of censorship.

"I think it has got to be, because everything gets put on video. Kids nowadays know how to handle a video [camera]; they are in the home. You can get very, very blue stuff - perversions. You can get things which might scare children, or put ideas in people's minds who are not quite 'with it', and I think that there should be censorship and I think that also applies to magazines now."

Sadly, this situation is often too true. The fact that these responses are from a woman, who made a career out of posing nude, further indicates just how far it has progressed.

* * *

Because she was so involved in still photography, Pamela's "filmography" is a slim one. This is certainly not due to any lack of talent on her part. In fact, I find it remarkable how polished she was, working alongside far more experienced actors and actresses. This can be attributed to her theatrical training, as well as to a lot of natural talent. Here again, she called upon much of her past training and experience.

Although she only appeared in two short scenes in Michael Powell's *Peeping Tom* (1960) it is this film for which she is primarily known among fans, even though it was her first experience in the movies. Thinking back, Pamela recalls:

"In the entire film the only glamour/nude scenes were mine. In fact, the still that was always used to advertise the film in the *Radio Times* and newspapers was the one of Carl Boehm 'posing' me; the caption always reads 'Carl Boehm and Pamela Green'."

The amount of fame Pamela derived from her appearance was testament to her reputation as a still photographer's model. One would be hard pressed to remember that the film also featured the talents of ballerina Moira Shearer,

from the Sadlers Wells Ballet Company, who also appeared in Powell's film *The Red Shoes* (1948).

Fortunately, *Peeping Tom* was snatched out of the obscurity it was relegated to. The credit goes to film director Martin Scorsese, who liked the film and thought it deserved better. The restoration of this landmark film has produced a resurgence of interest in Pamela's work, some 36 years after its release.

Other roles in major motion pictures were offered to Pamela. She appeared, fully clothed this time, in Val Guest's *The Day the Earth Caught Fire* (1961), and in Freddie Francis' *The Legend of the Werewolf* (1975), which was her swan song as an actress.

Pamela also worked with George Harrison Marks, a long relationship that began in 1953 and lasted nearly fifteen years. Marks was known for his "art" magazines and 16mm short films, featuring beautiful women in unclothed situations. She figured prominently in *Naked, as Nature Intended* (1961), known in America by the shortened title *As Nature Intended*. More of a travelogue than a "skin flick", the charmingly innocent film is replete with lots of nude scampering on the beach, ball tossing, and polite conversations among members of a nudist camp. The emphasis is definitely on nudity, not sexuality. It was so idyllic; I wanted to order some brochures to consider for my next vacation. The only jarring note for me was one scene where a nudist mother, surrounded by her equally nude children and friends, was feeding an infant with, of all things, a baby bottle! Perhaps this nudist mother had reservations about breast-feeding in public?

Pamela also had a small part in Marks' *The Naked World* of Harrison Marks (1965). Mostly, though, she starred in a number of Marks' shorts made between 1953 and 1961: *Chimney Sweeps* [which actually had a theatrical run], *Art for Art's Sake*, *Gypsy Fire*, *The Window Dresser*, *Witch's Brew*, and *Xcitement*. Pamela also cast the other models, coached them in their nude scenes, worked as the wardrobe and art department, retouched the prints and handled management chores. Considering all the hats she wore, I wonder - did she also run the projector at screenings as well?

Though her movie parts pretty much came to an end when she left Marks, Pamela never really retired from photographic work. All of her prior experience served her in good stead later on, when; with Doug Webb [whom she married in 1967], she produced some of her finest still work. Calling upon past training, she worked with her husband behind the lens as well. Interestingly enough, she was involved in several movies from the other side of the lens. Working alongside her husband, she was involved with *Casino Royale* (1967), *The Virgin and the Gypsy* (1970), *Perfect Friday* (1970), *Persecution* (1974), *The Ghoul* (1975), and *The Legend of the Werewolf* (1975).

"I didn't retire as such, but by 1979 we were so busy with other things. Doug was a stills photographer in both the film and television industry, and I became his assistant and we worked together as a team. Sometimes I had to teach actresses to pose - on one occasion in the nude. Pinewood studios would sometimes 'borrow' me to help in the print department, spotting and finishing hundreds of prints if they were short-staffed. I had a name as a

good print finisher. I was responsible for all the photographs that appeared in my magazine Kamera. As you know, Freddie Francis, who had been a very good friend of ours for many years, asked me to appear in his film The Legend of the Werewolf, when I was working on the film with Doug. It was great fun to do, and especially to work with Peter Cushing in front of, as well as behind, the camera. This all continued until 1986 when we moved to the Isle of Wight."

* * *

My acquaintance with Pamela Green began when I saw a few of her pictures, accompanied by a short letter, in Psychotronic Video Magazine #17. The quality of those photos, and the obvious beauty of their subject, impressed me, even though they were printed on newsprint. I wrote for a catalog. When Pamela's reply arrived, along with an extensive catalog, I ordered a number of pictures on the strength of her descriptions alone. Pamela also offered her pictures in a five-picture set of postcard size. I found out later that this was a popular format. Pamela explains:

"This was something a lot of photographers did in London in the ['40s and] '50s. It was a bit of some spare cash. They used to have five pictures, five postcards in a little cellophane bag, and they'd be in bookshops around Soho and Charing Cross Road. We met various people up at the Scala Cinema [at the launch of David McGillivray's book Doing Rude Things (1992)] and they said, 'Well, it's nostalgia. Why don't you do it again?' and I thought, 'Well I've got all the photos. I've got four thousand negatives.' So I have made up a complete set. There're about thirty-two sets and there're 10 x 8

prints. The color that I had - Doug's color - is very, very good and the color that I had from the late '50s, which was beginning to go magenta, my labs up in Newmarket [in Suffolk, on the East coast, in horse-racing country] have restored fully. So I have a range of really lovely stuff that I'm selling."

I was immensely pleased with photos I received from England in a couple of weeks. I ordered two sets of postcards, and had Pamela pick out her favorite in each set to enlarge to 8 x 10. She also very graciously autographed them for me. In fact, one of the sets was with a model she worked with, Jean Sporle, and she even went to the trouble to get Jean to autograph them as well. I've ordered several more since then and struck up a correspondence that continues to this day.

Pamela recently completed a long-term project chronicling her long career in front of the camera. It is a 135-minute videotape, entitled *Never Knowingly Overdressed*, in which Pamela takes the viewer on a tour of her life as an art student, dancer, model and actress. The video includes five of the 8mm strip films she made with Harrison Marks, as well as a beautiful collection of over 500 of Pamela's photographs, some set to music. I have the videotape and I can attest to the fact that it is truly a must for any collector of glamour photographs.

I find Pamela to be a delightfully friendly and helpful person. I recently "rang her up" and spent an enjoyable twenty minutes in conversation with her on the telephone. Pamela, interestingly enough, sounded exactly as I imagined she would, and displayed a warmth and sense of humor that put me totally at ease. During that conversation, as I had written in a previous

letter, I told her of my discussions with Kevin Clement about having her come to America to one of his Chiller Theatre conventions. She expressed her agreement with my idea, with the understanding that she would need sufficient time to prepare enough photographs for what I'm sure will be a long line of admiring convention attendees. Perhaps some day soon, I will have the honor of meeting her in person. It would be a grand day indeed for those of us in America, for we would have the opportunity to make the acquaintance of one of the all-time modeling legends - Pamela Green.

* * *

On November 8, 1996, Pamela's husband, Doug Webb, passed away at the age of 74. Pamela had a small funeral for him, attended by some of his WW II soldier friends, as Doug was one of the original "Dam Busters."

As a photographer, Doug's work was legendary. He was of a time when one's approach to work was to strive for the highest standards possible. This was reflected in the photography he did with Pamela, as well as his studio work and the stills he did for the movie industry. Doug, and his professional dedication to his art, will surely be missed.

Two Figuratives by Yousef Karsh (1938)

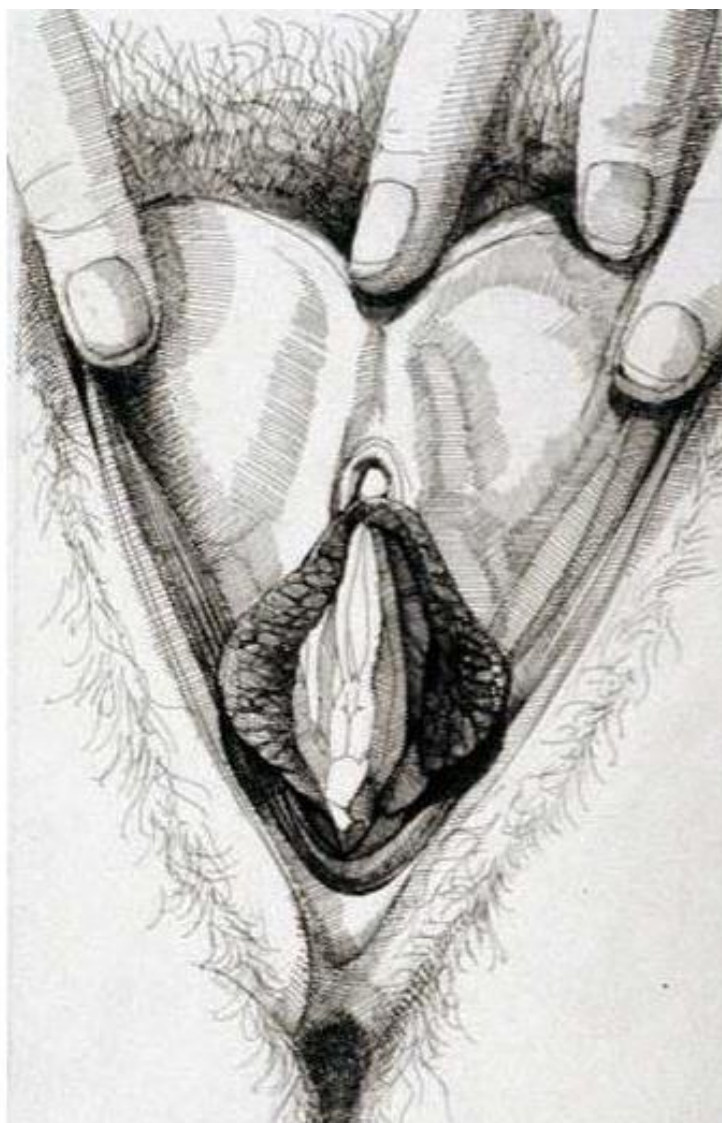




Pictorial: A Lock and A Key ...

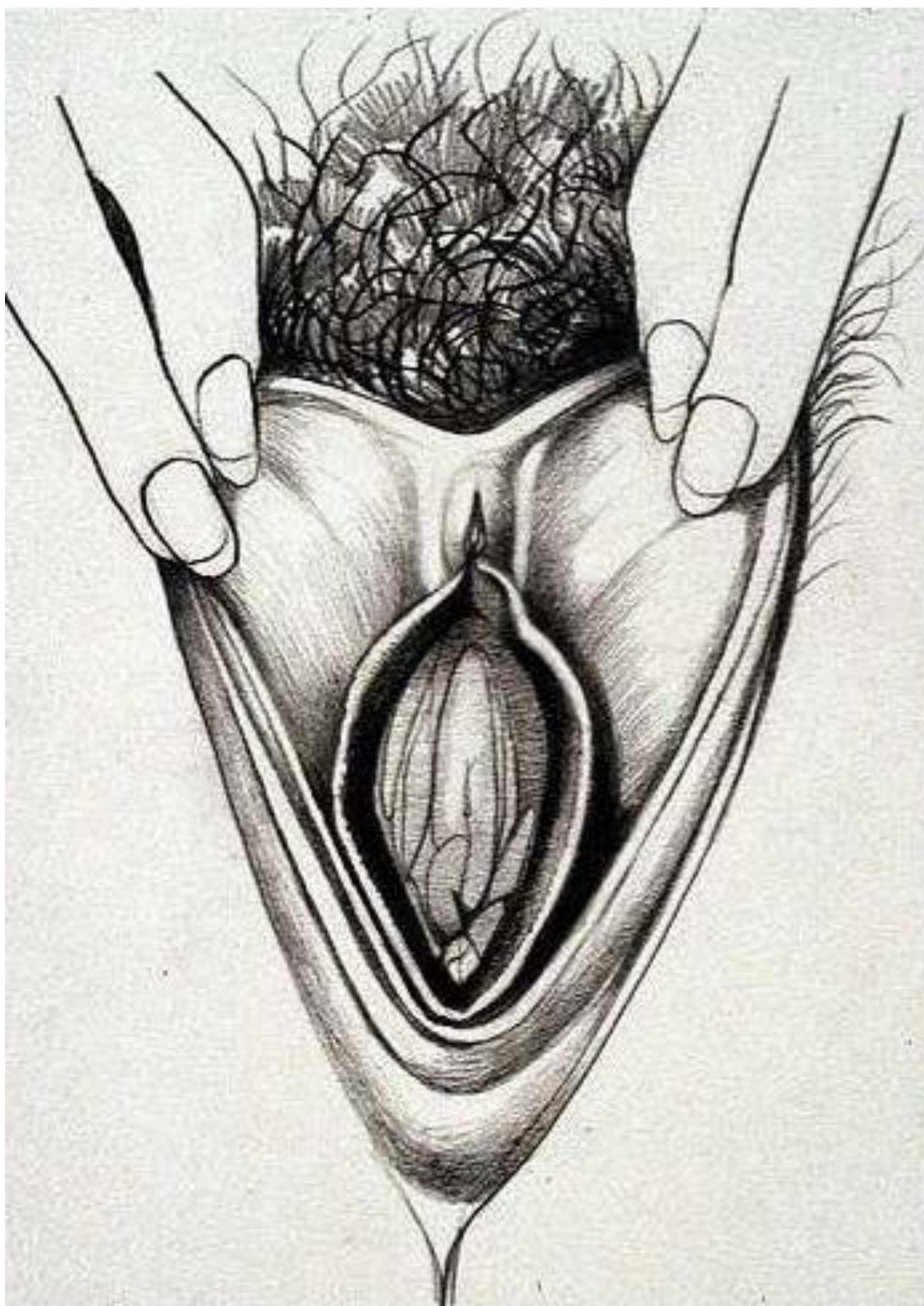


Sketches of Locks and Keys by Betty Dodson

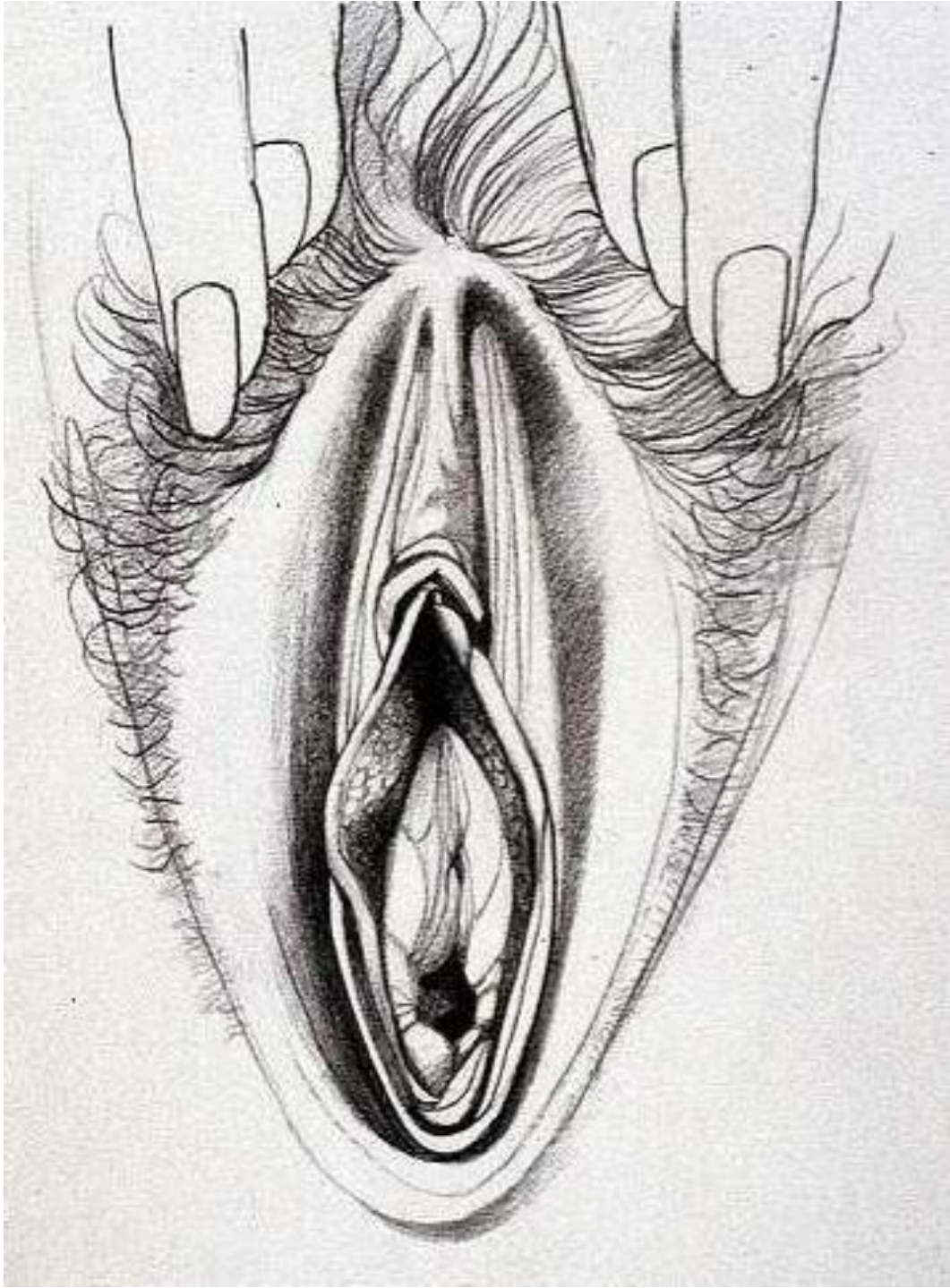




Original illustration
Sex For One 1986
censored by US publisher
Bobby London

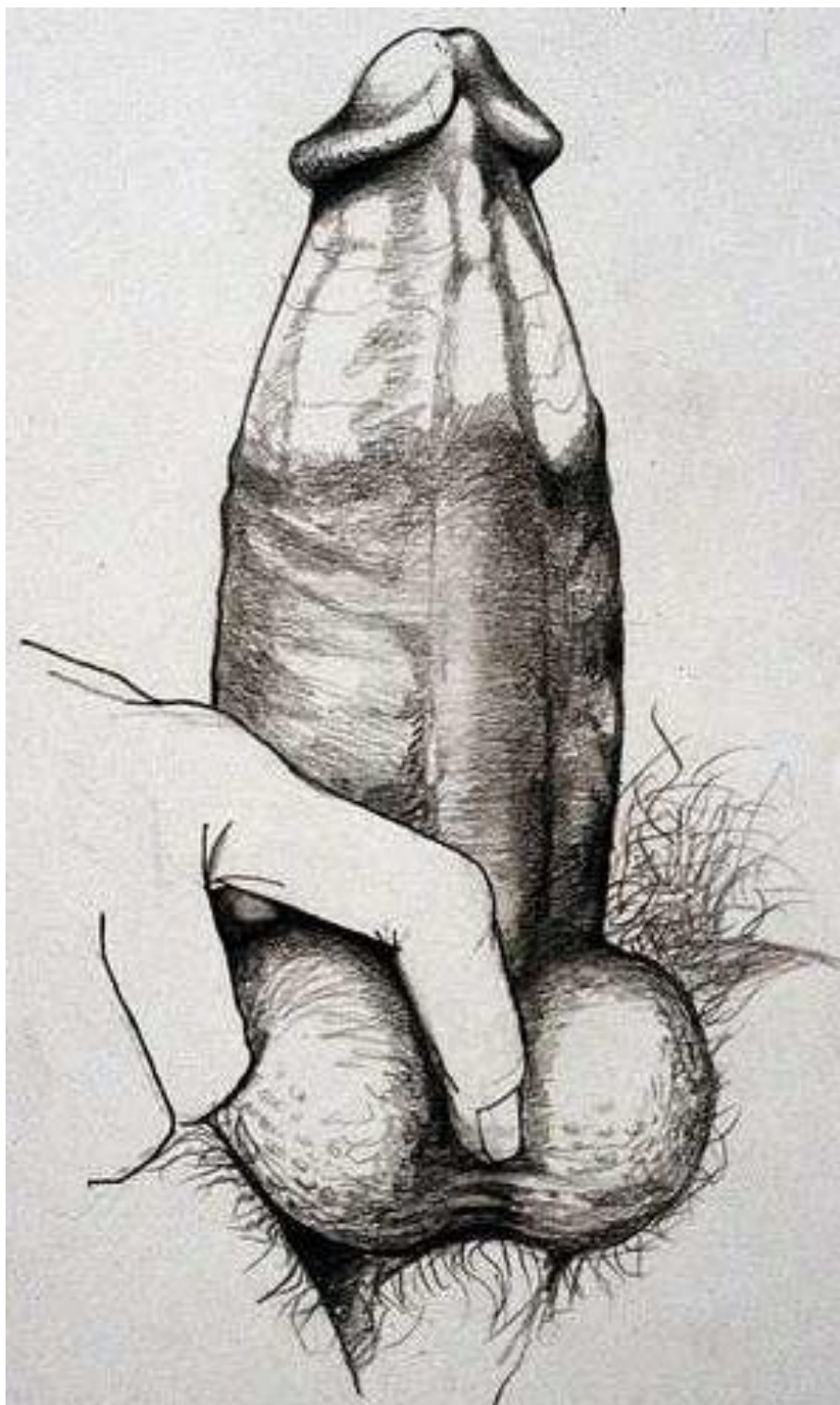






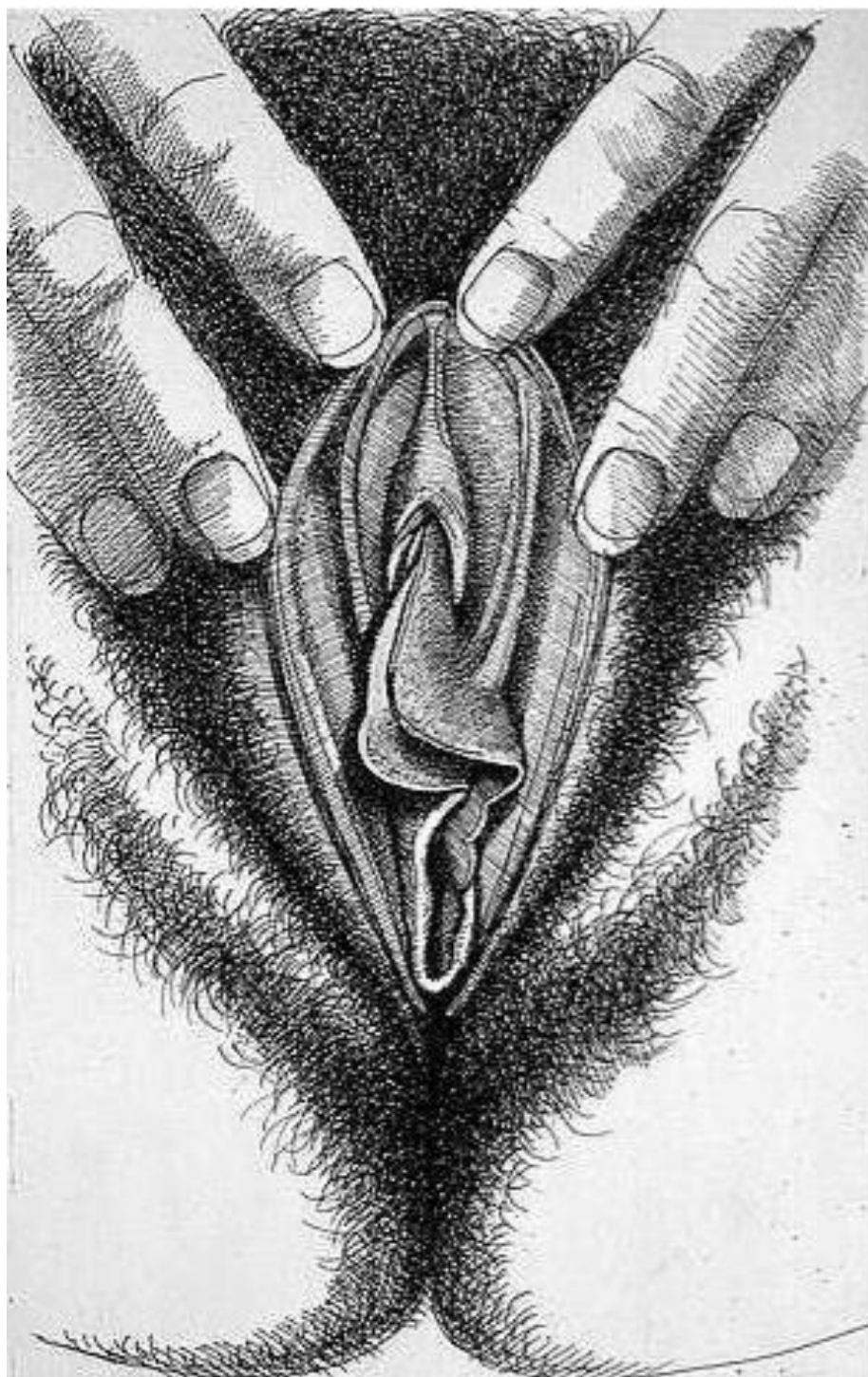












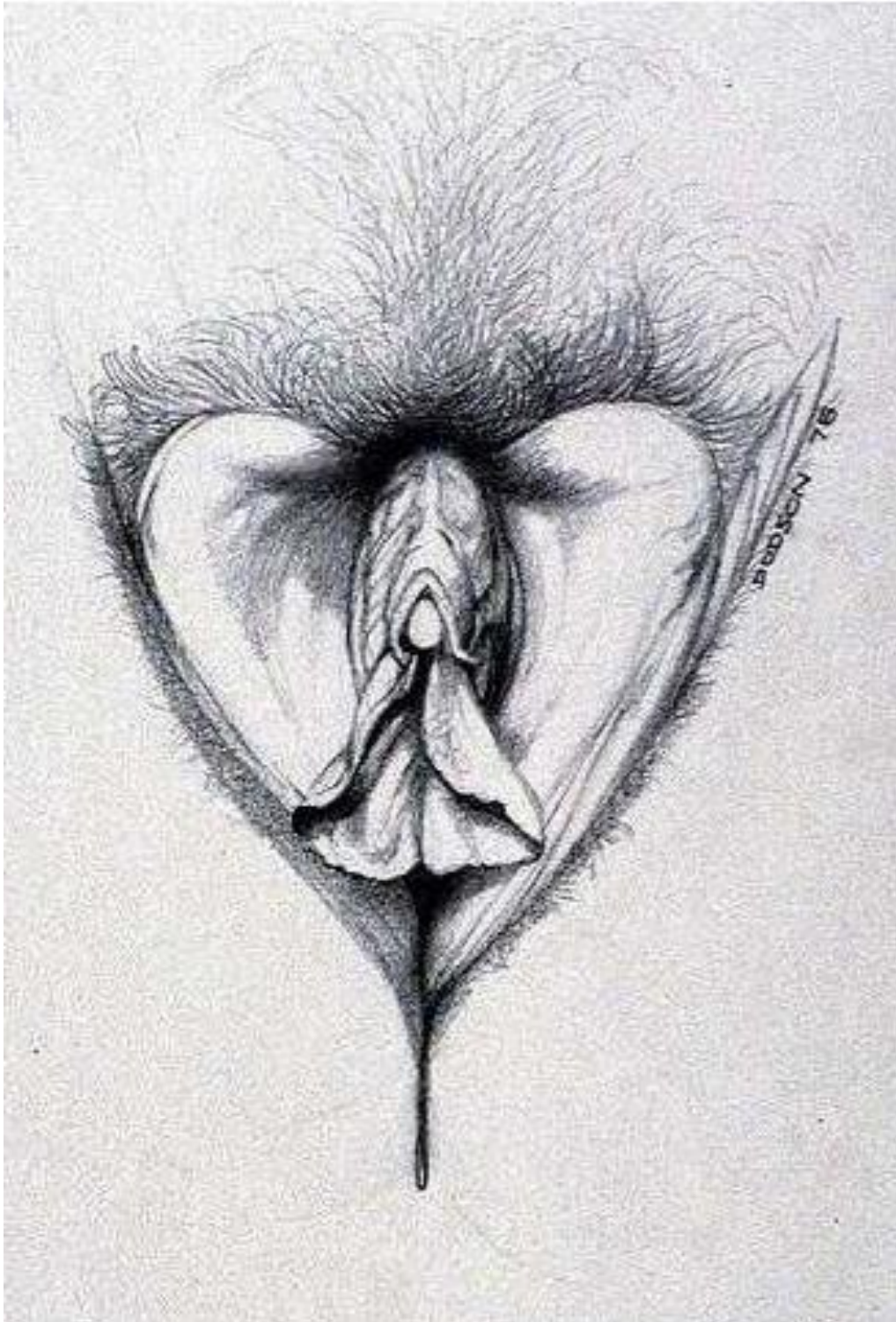


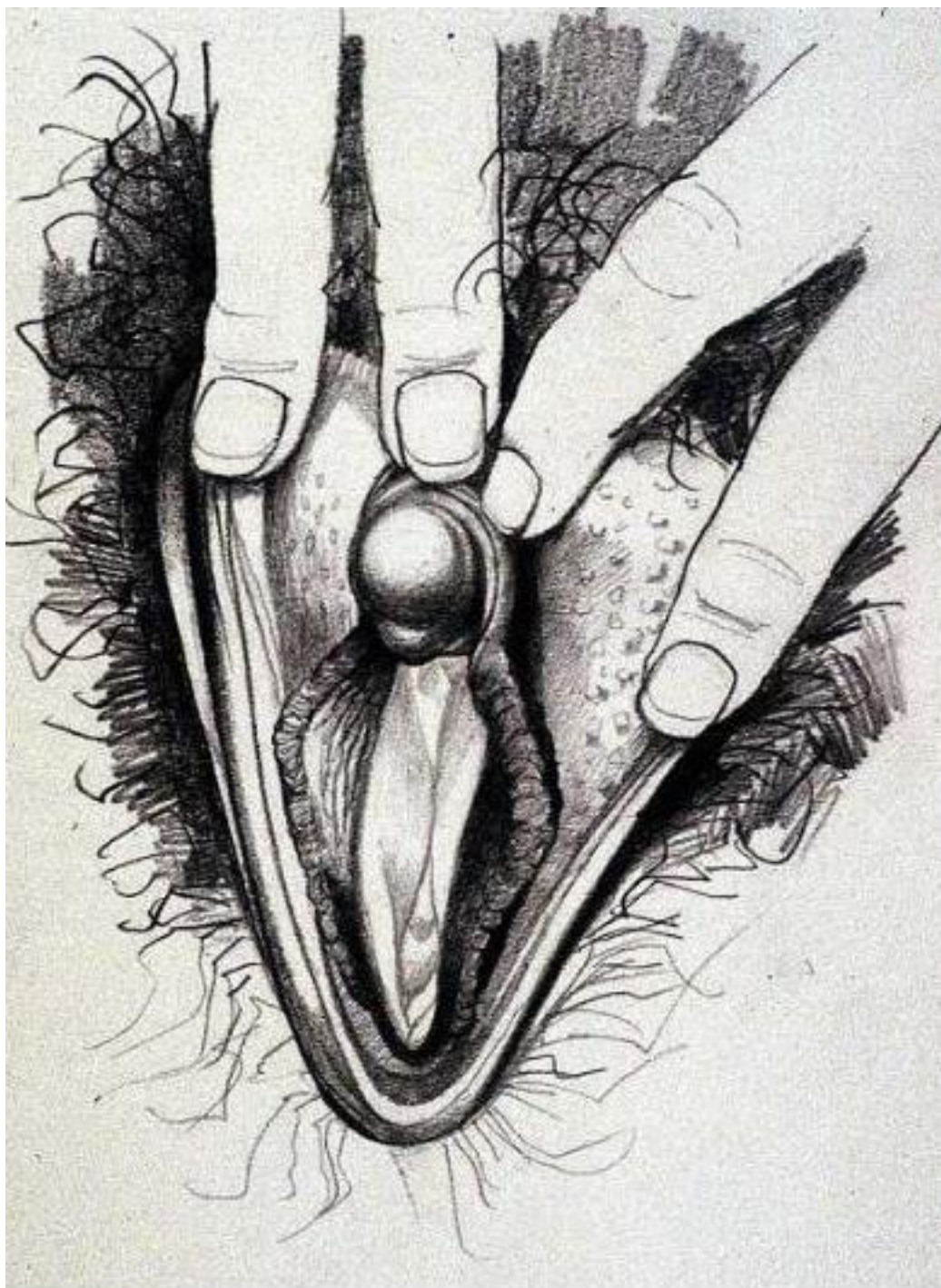


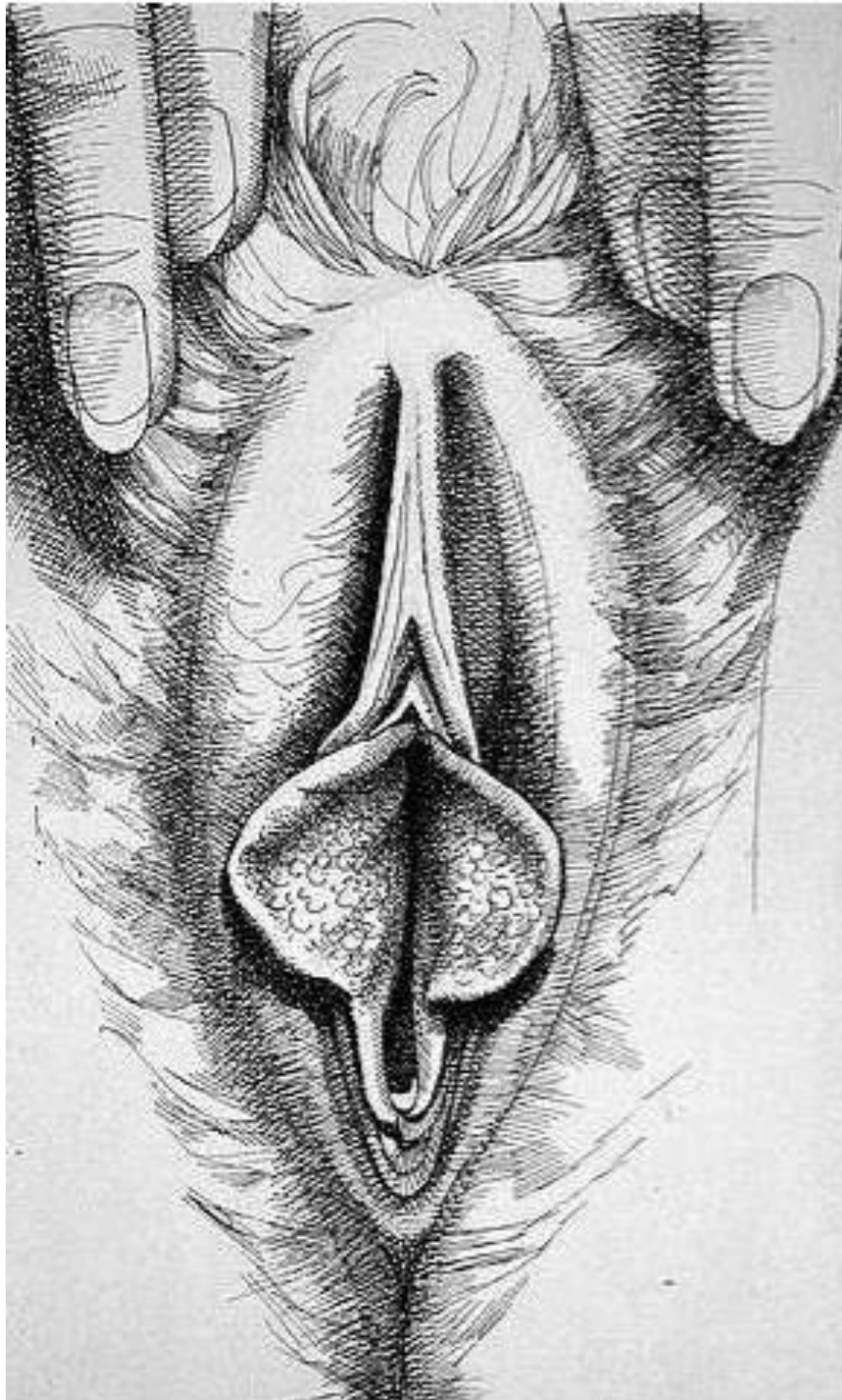












Amok by Stefan Zweig

In March, 1912, when a big mail-boat was unloading at Naples, there was an accident about which extremely inaccurate reports appeared in the newspapers. I myself saw nothing of the affair, for (in common with many of the passengers), wishing to escape the noise and discomfort of coaling, I had gone to spend the evening ashore. As it happens, however, I am in a position to know what really occurred, and to explain the cause. So many years have now elapsed since the incidents about to be related, that there is no reason why I should not break the silence I have hitherto maintained.

I had been travelling in the Federated Malay States. Recalled home by cable on urgent private affairs, I joined the *Wotan* at Singapore, and had to put up with very poor accommodation. My cabin was a hold of a place squeezed into a comer close to the engine-room, small, hot, and dark. The fusty, stagnant air reeked of oil. I had to keep the electric fan running, with the result that a fetid draught crawled over my face reminding me of the fluttering of a crazy bat. From beneath came the persistent rattle and groans of the engines, which sounded like a coal-porter tramping and wheezing as he climbed an unending flight of iron stairs; from above came the no less persistent tread of feet upon the promenade deck. As soon as I had had my cabin baggage properly stowed away, I fled from the place to the upper deck, where with delight I inhaled deep breaths of the balmy south wind.

But on this crowded ship the promenade deck, too, was full of bustle and disquiet. It was thronged with passengers, nervously irritable in their

enforced idleness and unavoidable proximity, chattering without pause as they prowled to and fro. The light laughter of the women who reclined in deck-chairs, the twists and turns of those who were taking a constitutional on the encumbered deck, the general hubbub, were uncongenial. In Malaya, and before that in Burma and Siam, I had been visiting an unfamiliar world. My mind was filled with new impressions, with lively images which chased one another in rapid succession. I wanted to contemplate them at leisure, to sort and arrange them, to digest and assimilate; but in this noisy boulevard, humming with life of a very different kind, there was no chance of finding the necessary repose. If I tried to read, the lines in the printed page ran together before my tired eyes when the shadows of the passers-by flickered over the white page. I could never be alone with myself and my thoughts in this thickly-peopled alley.

For three days I did my utmost to possess my soul in patience, resigned to my fellow-passengers, staring at the sea. The sea was always the same, blue and void, except that at nightfall for a brief space it became resplendent with a play of varied colours. As for the people, I had grown sick of their faces before the three days were up. I knew every detail of them all. I was surfeited with them, and equally surfeited with the giggling of the women and with the windy argumentativeness of some Dutch officers coming home on leave. I took refuge in the saloon; though from this haven, too I was speedily driven away because a group of English girls from Shanghai spent their time between meals hammering out waltzes on the piano. There was nothing for it but my cabin. I turned in after luncheon, having drugged myself with a couple of bottles of beer, resolved to escape dinner and the

dance that was to follow, hoping to sleep the clock round and more, and thus to spend the better part of a day in oblivion.

When I awoke it was dark, and stuffier than ever in the little coffin. I had switched off the fan, and was dripping with sweat. I felt heavy after my prolonged slumber, and some minutes slipped by before I fully realized where I was. It must certainly be past midnight, for there was no music to be heard, and the tramp-tramp of feet overhead had ceased. The only sound was that of the machinery, the beating heart of the leviathan who wheezed and groaned as he bore his living freight onward through the darkness.

I groped my way to the deck, where there was not a soul to be seen. Looking first at the smoking funnel and the ghostlike spars, I then turned my eyes upward and saw that the sky was clear; dark velvet, sprinkled with stars. It looked as if a curtain had been drawn across a vast source of light, and as if the stars were tiny rents in the curtain, through which that indescribable radiance poured. Never had I seen such a sky.

The night was refreshingly cool, as so often at this hour on a moving ship even at the Equator. I breathed the fragrant air, charged with the aroma of distant isles. For the first time since I had come on board I was seized with a longing to dream, conjoined with another desire, more sensuous, to surrender my body ... womanlike ... to the night's soft embrace. I wanted to lie down somewhere and gaze at the white hieroglyphs in the starry expanse. But the long chairs were all stacked and inaccessible. Nowhere on the empty deck was there a place for a dreamer to rest.

I made for the forecastle, stumbling over ropes and past iron windlasses to the bow, where I leaned over the rail watching the stem as it rose and fell, rhythmically, cutting its way through the phosphorescent waters. Did I stand there for an hour, or only for a few minutes? Who can tell? Rocked in that giant cradle, I took no note of the passing of time. All I was conscious of was a gentle lassitude, which was well-nigh voluptuous. I wanted to sleep, to dream; yet I was loath to quit this wizard's world, to return to my 'tween-decks coffin. Moving a pace or two, I felt with one foot a coil of rope. I sat down, and, closing my eyes, abandoned myself to the drowsy intoxication of the night. Soon the frontiers of consciousness became obscured ; I was not sure whether the sound I heard was that of my own breathing or that of the mechanical heart of the ship; I gave myself up more and more completely, more and more passively, to the envioning charm of this midnight world.

A dry cough near at hand recalled me to my senses with a start. Opening my eyes that were now attuned to the darkness, I saw close beside me the faint gleam of a pair of spectacles, and a few inches below this a fitful glow which obviously came from a pipe. Before I sat down I had been intent on the stars and the sea, and had thus overlooked this neighbor, who must have been sitting here motionless all the while. Still a little hazy as to my whereabouts, but feeling as if somehow I was an intruder, I murmured apologetically in my native German; "Excuse me !" The answer came promptly, "Not at all !" in the same language, and with an unmistakable German intonation.

It was strange and eerie, this darkling juxtaposition to an unseen and unknown person. I had the sensation that he was staring vainly at me just as

I was staring vainly at him. Neither of us could see more than a dim silhouette, black against a dusky background. I could just hear his breathing and the faint gurgle of his pipe.

The silence became unbearable. I should have liked to get up and go away, but was restrained by the conviction that to do this without a word would be unpardonably rude. In my embarrassment I took out a cigarette and struck a match. For a second or two there was light, and we could see one another. What I saw was the face of a stranger, a man I had never yet seen in the dining saloon or on the promenade deck; a face which (was it only because the lineaments were caricatured in that momentary illumination?) seemed extraordinarily sinister and suggestive of a hobgoblin. Before I had been able to note details accurately, the darkness closed in again, so that once more all that was visible was the fitful glow from the pipe, and above it the occasional glint of the glasses. Neither of us spoke. The silence was sultry and oppressive, like tropical heat.

At length I could bear it no longer. Standing up, I said a civil “Good night.”

“Good night!” came the answer, in a harsh and raucous voice.

As I stumbled aft amid the encumbrances on the foredeck I heard footsteps behind me, hasty and uncertain.

My neighbor on the coil of rope was following me with unsteady gait. He did not come quite close, but through the darkness I could sense his anxiety and uneasiness.

He was speaking hurriedly.

“You’ll forgive me if I ask you a favour. I ... I,” he hesitated, “I . . . I have private, extremely private reasons for keeping to myself on board ... In mourning ... That’s why I made no acquaintances during the voyage. You expected, of course ... What I want is ... I mean, I should be very greatly obliged if you would refrain from telling anyone that you have seen me here. It is, let me repeat, strictly private grounds that prevent my joining in the life of the ship, and it would be most distressing to me were you to let fall a word about my frequenting this fore-castle alone at night. I . .

He paused, and I was prompt in assuring him that his wishes should be respected. I was but a casual traveler, I said, and had no friends on board. We shook hands. I went back to my cabin to sleep out the night. But my slumbers were uneasy, for I had troublous dreams.

I kept my promise to say nothing to anyone about my strange encounter though the temptation to indiscretion was considerable. On a sea voyage the smallest trifle is an event—a sail on the horizon, a shoal of porpoises, a new flirtation, a practical joke. Besides, I was full of curiosity about this remarkable fellow-passenger. I scanned the list of bookings in search of a name which might fit him; and I looked at this person and that, wondering if they knew anything about him. All day I suffered from nervous impatience, waiting for nightfall, when I hoped I might meet him again. Psychological enigmas have invariably fascinated me. An encounter with an inscrutable character makes me thrill with longing to pluck the heart out of the mystery,

the urge of this desire being hardly less vehement than that of a man's desire to possess a woman. The day seemed insufferably long. I went to bed early, certain that an internal alarm would awaken me in the small hours.

Thus it was. I awoke at about the same time as on the previous night. Looking at my watch, whose figures and hands stood out luminous from the dial, I saw that the hour had just gone two. Quickly I made for the deck.

In the tropics the weather is less changeable than in our northern climes. The night was as before: dark, clear and lit with brilliant stars. But in myself there was a difference. I no longer felt dreamy and easeful, was no longer agreeably lulled by the gentle swaying of the ship. An intangible something confused and disturbed me, drew me irresistibly to the fore-deck. I wanted to know whether the mysterious stranger would again be sitting there, solitary, on the coil of rope. Reluctant and yet eager, I yielded to the impulse. As I neared the place I caught sight of what looked like a red and glowing eye — his pipe. He was there!

Involuntarily I stopped short, and was about to retreat, when the dark figure rose, took two steps forward, and, coming close to me, said in an apologetic and lifeless voice:

“Sorry! I'm sure you were coming back to your old place, and it seems to me that you were about to turn away because you saw me. Won't you sit down? I'm just off.”

I hastened to rejoin that I was only on the point of withdrawing because I was afraid of disturbing him, and that I hoped he would stay.

“You won’t disturb me!” he said with some bitterness. “Far from it; I am glad not to be alone once in a while. For days upon days I have hardly spoken to a soul; years, it seems; and I find it almost more than I can bear to have to bottle everything up in myself. I can’t sit in the cabin any longer, the place is like a prison-cell ; and yet I can’t stand the passengers either, for they chatter and laugh all day. Their perpetual frivolling drives me frantic. The silly noise they make finds its way into my cabin, so that I have to stop my ears. Of course, they don’t know I can hear them, or how they exasperate me. Not that they’d care if they did, for they’re only a pack of foreigners.”

He suddenly pulled himself up, saying: “But I know I must be boring you. I didn’t mean to be so loquacious.”

He bowed, and moved to depart, but I pressed him to stay.

“You are not boring me in the least. Far from it, for I, too, am glad to have a quiet talk up here under the stars. Won’t you have a cigarette?”

As he lit it, I again got a glimpse of his face, the face which was now that of an acquaintance. In the momentary glare, before he threw away the match, he looked earnestly, searchingly at me, appealingly it almost seemed, as his spectacled eyes fixed themselves on mine.

I felt a thrill akin to horror. This man, so it seemed to me, had a tale to tell, was on fire to tell it, but some inward hindrance held him back. Only by silence, a silence that invited confidence, could I help him to throw off his restraint.

We sat down on the coil of rope, half facing one another, leaning against the top rail. His nervousness was betrayed by the shaking of the hand which held the cigarette. We smoked, and still I said never a word. At length he broke the silence.

“Are you tired?”

“Not an atom!”

“I should rather like to ask you something.” He hesitated.

“It would be more straightforward to say I want to tell you something. I know how ridiculous it is of me to begin babbling like this to the first comer; but, mentally speaking, I’m in a tight place. I’ve got to the point where I simply must tell someone, or else go clean off my head. You’ll understand why, as soon as I’ve told you. Of course, you can do nothing to help me, but keeping my trouble to myself is making me very ill, and you know what fools sick folk are—or what fools they seem to healthy people.”

I interrupted him, and begged him not to distress himself with fancies of that sort, but to go ahead with his story. “Naturally there would be no meaning in my giving you unlimited promises of help, when I don’t know the situation.

Still, I can at least assure you of my willingness to give you what help I may. That's a man's plain duty, isn't it, to show that he is ready to pull a fellow-mortal out of a hole? One can try to help, at least."

"Duty to offer help? Duty to try, at least? Duty to show that one's ready to pull a fellow-mortal out of a hole?"

Thus did he repeat what I had said, staccato, in a tone of unwonted bitterness flavored with mockery, whose significance was to become plain to me later. For the moment, there was something in his scanning iteration of my words which made me wonder whether he was mad or drunk.

As if guessing my thoughts, he went on in a more ordinary voice: "You'll perhaps think me queer in the head, or that I've been imbibing too freely in my loneliness. That's not what's the matter, and I'm sane enough —so far I What set me off was one word you used, and the connection in which you happened to use it, the word 'duty'. It touched me on the raw, and I'm raw all over, for the strange thing is that what torments me all the time is a question of duty, duty, duty ..."

He pulled himself up with a jerk. Without further circumlocution, he began to explain himself clearly.

'I'm a doctor, you must know. That's a vital point in my story. Now, in medical practice one often has to deal with cases in which duty is not so plain as you might think. Fateful cases; you can call them border-line cases, if you like. In these cases there's not just one obvious duty ; there are

conflicting duties : one duty of the ordinary kind, which runs counter to a duty to the State, and perhaps on the other side runs counter to a duty to science. Help pull a fellow-mortal out of a hole? Of course one should. That's what one's there for. But such maxims are purely theoretical. In a practical instance, how far is help to go? Here you turn up, a nocturnal visitant, and, though you've never seen me before, and I've no claim on you, I ask you not to tell anyone you've seen me. Well, you hold your tongue, because you feel it your duty to help me in the way I ask. Then you turn up again, and I beg you to let me talk to you because silence is eating my heart out. You are good enough to listen. After all, that's easy enough. I haven't asked you anything very difficult. But suppose I were to say: ' *Catch hold of me and throw me overboard!* ' You would quickly reach the limit of your complaisance, wouldn't you? You would no longer regard it as a 'duty to help', I suppose ! There must be a limit somewhere. This duty of which you speak, surely it comes to an end before the point is reached at which one's own life is gravely imperiled, or one's own responsibility to accepted public institutions is affected? Or perhaps this duty to help has no limits at all where a doctor is concerned? Should a doctor be a universal savior simply because he has a diploma couched in Latin? Has he for that reason to fling away his life when someone happens along and implores him to be helpful and kind-hearted? There is a limit to duty, and you reach it when you're at the end of your tether!"

He went off at a tangent once more.

'I'm sorry to show so much excitement. It's not because I'm drunk. I'm not drunk—^yet. True, I'm drinking heavily here on board ; and I've got drunk

now and again of late, for my life has been so damnably lonely in the East, Just think, for seven years I've been living almost exclusively among natives and animals; and in such conditions you naturally forget how to talk sanely and calmly. When, at last, you get a chance of talking to a man of your own people, your tongue runs away with you. Where was I? I was going to put a question to you, was going to place a problem before you, to ask you whether it was really incumbent on one to help, no matter in what circumstances, as an angel from heaven might help . . . But I'm afraid it will be rather a long business. You're really not tired?"

"Not the least bit in the world I"

He was groping behind him in the darkness. I heard something clink, and could make out the forms of a couple of bottles. He poured from one of them into a glass, and handed it to me—a large peg of neat whisky.

"Won't you have a drink?"

To keep him company, I sipped, while he, for lack of another glass, took a bountiful swig from the bottle. There was a moment's silence, during which came five strokes on the ship's bell. It was half-past two in the morning.

"Well, I want to put a case before you. Suppose there was a doctor practicing in a little town—in the country, really. A doctor who ..." He broke off, hesitated a while, and then made a fresh start. "No, that won't do. I must tell you the whole thing exactly as it happened, and as it happened to myself. A direct narrative from first to last. Otherwise you'll never be able to

understand. There must be no false shame, no concealment. When people come to consult me, they have to strip to the buff, have to show me their excreta. If I am to help them, they must make no bones about informing me as to the most private matters. It will be of no use for me to tell you of something that happened to someone else, to a mythical Doctor Somebody, somewhere and some when. I shall strip naked, as if I were your patient. Anyway, I have forgotten all decency in that horrible place where I have been living, in that hideous solitude, in a land which eats the soul out of your body and sucks the marrow out of your bones.”

I must have made some slight movement of protest, for he went off on a side issue.

“Ah, I can see you are an enthusiast for the East, an admirer of the temples and the palm trees, filled full with the romance of the regions where you have been travelling for your pleasure, to while away a month or two. No doubt the tropics are charming to one who hurries or saunters through them by rail, in a motor-car, or in a rickshaw. I felt the same when I first came out seven years ago. I was full of dreams about what I was going to do ; learn the native tongue ; read the Sacred Books in the original; study tropical diseases; do original scientific work; master the psychology of the *indigenes* (thus do we phrase it in our European jargon) ; become a missionary of civilization. ...

“But life out there is like living in a hot-house with invisible walls. It saps the energies. You get fever, though you swallow quinine by the teaspoonful; and

fever takes all the guts out of you, you become limp and lazy, as soft as a jellyfish. A European is cut adrift from his moorings if he has to leave the big towns and is sent to one of those accursed settlements in a jungle or a swamp. Sooner or later he will lose his poise. Some take to drink; others learn opium-smoking from the Chinese; others find relief in brutality, sadism, or what not—they all go off the rails. How one longs for home! To walk along a street with proper buildings in it 1 To sit in a solidly constructed room with glass windows, and among white men and women. So it goes on year after year, until at length the time for home leave comes round—and a man finds he has grown too inert even to take his furlough. What would be the use? He knows he has been forgotten, and that, if he did go home, there would be no welcome awaiting him or (worse still) his coming might be utterly ignored. So he stays where he is, in a mangrove swamp or in a steaming forest. It was a sad day for me when I sold myself into servitude on the Equator.

“Besides, forgoing my home leave was not quite so voluntary an affair as I have implied. I had studied medicine in Germany, where I was born, and soon after I was qualified I got a good post at the Leipzig Clinic. If you were to look up the files of the medical papers of that date you would find that a new method of treatment I advocated for one of the commoner diseases made some little stir, so that I had been a good deal talked about for so young a man.

“Then came a love-affair which ruined my chances. It was with a woman whose acquaintance I made at the hospital. She’d been living with a man she’d driven so crazy that he tried to shoot himself and failed to make a

clean job of it. Soon I was as crazy as he. She had a sort of cold pride about her which I found irresistible. Women that are domineering and rather impudent can always do anything they, like with me, but this woman reduced me to pulp. I did whatever she wanted, and in the end (it seems hard to tell you, though the story's an old one now, dating from eight years ago) for her sake I stole some money from the hospital safe. The thing came out, of course, and there was the devil to pay. An uncle of mine made the loss good, but there was no more career for me in Leipzig.

“Just at this time I heard that the Dutch Government was short of doctors in the colonial service, would take Germans, and was actually offering a premium. That told me there must be a catch in it somewhere, and I knew well enough that in these tropical plantations tombstones grow as luxuriantly as the vegetation- But when you're young you're always ready to believe that fever and death will strike some other fellow down and give you the go-by.

“After all, I hadn't much choice. I made my way to Rotterdam, signed on for ten years, and got a fine, thick wad of banknotes. I sent half of them to my uncle. A girl of the town got the rest—the half of the premium and any other money I could raise—all because she was so like the young woman to whom I owed my downfall. Without money, without even a watch, without illusions, I steamed away from Europe, and was by no means sad at heart when the vessel cleared the port. I sat on deck much as you are sitting now ready to take delight in the East, in the palm trees under new skies; dreaming of the wonderful forests, of solitude, and of peace.

“I soon had my fill of solitude. They did not station me in Batavia or in Surabaya, in one of the big towns where there are human beings with white skins, a club and a golf course, books and newspapers. They sent me to ... well, never mind the name! A God-forgotten place up country, a day’s journey from the nearest town. The ‘society’ consisted of two or three dull-witted and sundried officials and one or two half-castes. The settlement was encircled by interminable forests, plantations, jungles, and swamps.

“Still, it was tolerable at first. There was the charm of novelty. I studied hard for a time. Then the Vice- Resident was making a tour of inspection through the district, and had a motor smash. Compound fracture of the leg, no other doctor within hail, an operation needed, followed by a good recovery—and a considerable amount of kudos for me, since the patient was a big gun. I did some anthropological work, on the poisons and weapons used by the primitives. Until the freshness had worn off, I found a hundred and one things which helped to keep me alive.

“This lasted just as long as the vigor I had brought with me from Europe. Then the climate got hold of me. The other white men in the settlement bored me to death. I shunned their company, began to drink rather heavily, and to browse on my own weary thoughts. After all, I had only to stick it for another two years. Then I could retire on a pension, and start life afresh in Europe. Nothing to do but wait till the. time was up. And there I should still be waiting, but for the unexpected happening I am going to tell you about.”

The voice in the darkness ceased. So still was the night that once more I could hear the sound of the ship’s stem clearing the water, and the distant

pulsing of the machinery. I should have been glad to light a cigarette, but I was afraid I might startle the narrator by any sudden movement and by the unexpected glare.

For a time the silence was unbroken. Had he changed his mind, and decided it would be indiscreet to tell me any more? Had he dropped off into a doze?

While I was thus meditating, six bells struck. It was three in the morning. He stirred, and I heard a faint clink as he picked up the whisky bottle. He was priming himself again. Then he resumed, with a fresh access of tense passion.

“Well, so things went with me. Month after month I had been sitting inactive in that detestable spot, as motionless as a spider in the centre of its web. The rainy season was over. For weeks I had been listening to the downpour on the roof, and not a soul had come near me — no European, that is to say. I had been alone in the house with my native servants and my whisky. Being even more homesick than usual, when I read in a novel about lighted streets and white women my fingers would begin to tremble. You are only what we call a globetrotter; you don’t know the country as those who live there know it. A white man is seized at times by what might be accounted one of the tropical diseases, a nostalgia so acute as to drive him almost into delirium. Well, in some such paroxysm I was poring over an atlas, dreaming of journeys possible and impossible. At this moment two of my servants came, open-mouthed with astonishment, to say that a lady had called to see me—a white lady.

“I, too, was amazed. I had heard no sound of carriage or of car. What the devil was a white woman doing in this wilderness?

“I was sitting in the upstairs veranda of my two storied house and not dressed for white company. In the minute or two that were needed for me to make myself presentable I was able to pull myself together a little; but I was still nervous, uneasy, filled with disagreeable forebodings, when at length I went downstairs. Who on earth could it be? I was friendless. Why should a white woman come to visit me in the wilds?

“The lady was sitting in the ante-room, and behind her chair was standing a China boy, obviously her servant. As she jumped up to greet me, I saw that her face was hidden by a thick motor-veil. She began to speak before I could say a word.

“ ‘Good morning. Doctor,’ she said in English. ‘You’ll excuse my dropping in like this without an appointment, won’t you?’ She spoke rather rapidly, almost as if repeating a speech which had been mentally rehearsed. ‘When we were driving through the settlement and had to stop the car for a moment, I remembered that you lived here.’ This was puzzling 1 If she had come in a car, why hadn’t she driven up to the house? I’ve heard so much about you—what a wonder you worked when the Vice-Resident had that accident. I saw him the other day playing golf as well as ever. Your name is in everyone’s mouth down there, and we’d all gladly give away our grumpy old senior surgeon and his two assistants if we could but get you in exchange. Besides, why do you never come to headquarters? You live up here like a yogi!’

“She ran on and on, without giving me a chance to get in a word edgewise. Manifestly her loquacity was the outcome of nervousness, and it made me nervous in my turn. ‘Why does she go on chattering like this?’ I wondered. ‘Why doesn’t she tell me who she is? Why doesn’t she take off her veil? Has she got fever? Is she a madwoman? I grew more and more distraught, feeling like a fool as I stood there *mum chance* while she overwhelmed me with her babble. At length the stream ran dry, so that I was able to invite her upstairs. She made a sign to the boy to stay where he was, and swept up the stairway in front of me.

“‘Pleasant quarters here,’ she exclaimed, letting her gaze roam over my sitting-room. ‘Ah, what lovely books I How I should like to read them all!’ She strolled to the bookcase and began to con the titles. For the first time since she had said good-morning to me, she was silent for a space.

“ ‘May I offer you a cup of tea?’ I inquired.

“She answered without turning round: “ ‘No, thank you, Doctor. I’ve only a few minutes to spare. Hullo, there’s Flaubert’s *Education Sentimentale*. What a book! So you read French, too. Wonderful people, you Germans—
^they teach you so many languages at school. It must be splendid to be able to speak them as you do. The Vice-Resident swears he would never allow anyone but you to use a knife on him. That senior surgeon of ours, all he’s fit for is bridge. But you— well, it came into my head to-day that I should like to consult you, and as I was driving through the settlement I thought to myself, “There’s no time like the present!” But’—all this she said without

looking at me, for she kept her face towards the books—‘I expect you’re frightfully busy. Perhaps I’d better call another day?’

“ ‘Are you going to show your cards at last?’ I wondered. Of course I gave no sign of this, but assured her that I was at her service, now or later, as she preferred.

“‘Oh, well, since I’m here!’ She turned half round towards me, but did not look up, continuing to flutter the pages of a book she had taken from the shelf. ‘It’s nothing serious. The sort of troubles women often have. Giddiness, fainting-fits, nausea. This morning in the car, when we were rounding a curve, I suddenly lost my senses completely. The boy had to hold me up, or I should have slipped on to the floor. He got me some water, and then I felt better. I suppose the chauffeur must have been driving too fast. Don’t you think so, Doctor?’

“ ‘I can’t answer that off-hand. Have you had many such fainting-fits?’

“ ‘No. Not until recently, that is. During the last few weeks, pretty often. And I’ve been feeling so sick in the mornings.’

“She was back at the bookcase, had taken down another volume, and was fluttering the pages as before. Why did she behave so strangely? Why didn’t she lift her veil and look me in the face? Purposely I made no answer. It pleased me to let her wait. If she could behave queerly, so could I ! At length she went on, in her nonchalant, detached way.

“ ‘You agree, don’t you, Doctor? It can’t be anything serious. Not one of those horrid tropical diseases, surely? Nothing dangerous.’

“‘I must see if you’ have any fever. Let me feel your pulse.’

“I moved towards her, but she evaded me.

“‘No, Doctor, I’m sure I have no fever. I’ve taken my temperature every day since ... since I began to be troubled with this faintness. Never above normal. And my digestion’s all right, too.’

“I hesitated for a little. The visitor’s strange manner had aroused my suspicions. Obviously she wanted to get something out of me. She had not driven a couple of hundred miles into this remote corner in order to discuss Flaubert! I kept her waiting for a minute or two before saying: ‘Excuse me, but may I ask you a few plain questions?’

“‘Of course, of course. One comes to a doctor for that’ she said lightly. But she had turned her back on me again, and was fiddling with the books.

“‘Have you had any children?’

“‘Yes, one, a boy.’

“‘Well, did you have the same sort of symptoms then, in the early months, when you were pregnant?’

“‘Yes.’

“The answer was decisive, blunt, and no longer in the tone of mere prattle which had characterized her previous utterances.

“ ‘Well, isn’t it possible that that’s what’s the matter with you now?’”

“‘Yes.’

“Again the response was sharp and decisive.

“‘You’d better come into my consulting-room. An examination will settle the question in a moment.’

“At length she turned to face me squarely, and I could almost feel her eyes piercing me through her veil.

“‘No need for that, Doctor. I haven’t a shadow of doubt as to my condition.’

” A pause. I heard the narrator take another dose of his favorite stimulant. Then he resumed: “Think the matter over for yourself. I had been rotting away-there in my loneliness, and then this woman turned up from nowhere, the first white woman I had seen for years—and I felt as if something evil, something dangerous, had come into my room. Her iron determination made my flesh creep. She had come, it seemed, for idle chatter; and then without warning she voiced a demand as if she were throwing a knife at me. For what she wanted of me was plain enough. That was not the first time women

had come to me with such a request. But they had come imploringly, had with tears besought me to help them in their trouble. Here, however, was a woman of exceptional, of virile, determination. From the outset I had felt that she was stronger than I, that she could probably mould me to her will. Yet if there were evil in the room, it was in me likewise, in me the man. Bitterness had risen in me, a revolt against her. I had sensed in her an enemy.

“For a time I maintained an obstinate silence. I felt that she was eyeing me from behind her veil, that she was challenging me; that she wanted to force me to speak. But I was not ready to comply. When I did answer, I spoke beside the point, as if unconsciously mimicking her discursive and indifferent manner. I pretended that I had not understood her; tried to compel her to be candid. I was unwilling to meet her half-way. I wanted her to implore me, as the others had done ... wanted it for the very reason that she had approached me so imperiously, and precisely because I knew myself to be a weakling in face of such arrogance as hers.

“Consequently, I talked all round the subject, saying that her symptoms were of trifling importance, that such fainting-fits were common form in early pregnancy, and that, far from being ominous, they generally meant that things would go well. I quoted cases I had seen and cases I had read of; I treated the whole affair as a bagatelle; I talked and talked, waiting for her to interrupt me. For I knew she would have to cut me short.

“She did so with a wave of the hand, as if sweeping my words of reassurance into the void.

“ ‘That’s not what worries me. Doctor. I’m not so well as I was the time before. My heart troubles me.’

“‘Heart trouble, you say?’ I rejoined, feigning an anxiety I did not feel. ‘Well, I’d better go into that at once.’ I made a movement as if to reach for my stethoscope,

“Once more she was recalcitrant. She spoke commandingly, almost like a drill-sergeant.

“ ‘You may take my word for it that I have heart trouble. I don’t want to waste my time and yours with examinations that are quite unnecessary. Besides, I think you might show a little more confidence in what I tell you. I have trusted you to the full!’

“This was a declaration of war. She had thrown down the glove and I did not hesitate to lift it.

“‘Trust implies frankness, perfect frankness. Please speak to me straightforwardly. But above all take off your veil and sit down. Let the books alone and put your cards on the table. It’s not usual to keep a veil on when one comes to consult a medical man.’

“In her turn she accepted the challenge. Sitting down in front of me, she lifted her veil. The face thus disclosed was the sort of face I had dreaded ; it was controlled and inscrutable; one of those exceptionally beautiful English

faces which age cannot wither; but this lovely woman was still quite young, this woman with grey eyes that seemed so full of self-confident repose and yet to hint at depths of passion. Her lips were firmly set and would betray nothing she wished to keep to herself. For a full minute we gazed at one another; she imperiously and yet questioningly, with a look almost cruelly cold, so that in the end I had to lower my eyes.

“Her knuckles rattled against the table. She could not shake off her nervousness. Suddenly she said: “ ‘Doctor, do you or do you not know what I want of you?’

““I can make a shrewd guess, I fancy? Let us speak plainly. You want to put an end to your present condition. You want me to free you from the fainting-fits, the nausea, and so on—^by removing the cause. Is that it?’

““Yes.’

“The word was as decisive as the fall of the knife in aguillotine.

““Are you aware that such things are dangerous ... to both the persons concerned?’

““Yes.’

““That the operation is illegal?’

“I know that there are circumstances in which it is not prohibited; nay, in which it is regarded as essential.’

“Yes, when there are good medical grounds for undertaking it.’

“Well, you can find such grounds. You are a doctor.’

“She looked at me without a quiver, as if issuing an order; and I, the weakling, trembled in my amazement at the elemental power of her resolve. Yet I still resisted. I would not let her see that she was too strong for me, ‘Not so fast,’ I thought. ‘Make difficulties! Compel her to sue !’

“A doctor cannot always find sufficient reasons. Still, I don’t mind having a consultation with one of my colleagues ...’

“I don’t want one of your colleagues. It is you I have come to consult.’

“Why me, may I ask?’

“She regarded me coldly, and said: “I don’t mind telling you that I came to you because you live in an out-of-the-way place, because you have never met me before, because your known ability, and because’ ... she hesitated for the first time, ‘because ... , you are not likely to stay in Java much longer—especially if you have a large sum of money in hand to go home with.’

“A shiver ran through me. This mercantile calculation made my flesh creep. No tears, no beseeching. She had taken my measure, had reckoned up my

price, and had sought me out in full confidence that she could mould me to her will. In truth I was almost overpowered; but her attitude towards me filled me with gall, and I constrained myself to reply with a chilly, almost sarcastic inflection: “‘This large sum of money you speak of, you offer it me for ...?’

“‘For your help now, to be followed by your immediate departure from the Dutch Indies/

“‘Surely you must know that that would cost me my pension?’

“ ‘The fee I propose would more than compensate you.’

“ ‘You are good enough to use plain terms, but I should like you to be even more explicit. What fee were you thinking of?’

“ ‘One hundred thousand gulden, in a draft on Amsterdam.’

“I trembled, both with anger and surprise. She had reckoned it all out, had calculated my price, and offered me this preposterous fee upon the condition that I should break my contract with the Dutch Government; she had bought me before seeing me; she had counted on my compliance. I felt like slapping her face, so angered was I by this contumelious treatment. But when I rose up in my wrath (she, too, was standing once more) , the sight of that proud, cold mouth of hers which would not beg a favor, the flash of her arrogant eyes, aroused the brute in me, and of a sudden I burned with desire. Something in my expression must have betrayed my feeling, for she raised

her eyebrows as one does when a beggar is importunate. In that instant we hated one another, and were aware of our mutual detestation. She hated me because she had to make use of me, and I hated her because she demanded my help instead of imploring it. In this moment of silence we were for the first time speaking frankly to one another. As if a venomous serpent had bitten me, a terrible thought entered my mind, and I said to her ... I said to her ...

“But I go too fast, and you will misunderstand me. I must first of all explain to you whence this crazy notion came.”

He paused. More whisky. His voice was stronger when he resumed.

“I’m not trying to make excuses for myself. But I don’t want you to misunderstand me. I suppose I’ve never been what is called a ‘good’ man, and yet I think I’ve always been ready to help people whenever I could. In the rotten sort of life I had to live out there, my one pleasure was to use the knowledge I had scraped together and thus to give poor sick wretches new hopes of health. That’s a creative pleasure, you know; makes a man feel as if, for once, he were a god. It was pure delight to me when a brown-skinned Javanese was brought in, foot swollen to the size of his head from snake-bite, shrieking with terror lest the only thing that would save him might be an amputation ... and I was able to save both life and leg. I have driven hours into the jungle to help a native woman laid up with fever. At Leipzig, in the clinic, I was ready enough, sometimes, to help women in just the same plight as my lady here. But in those cases, at least, one felt that one’s patient

had come to one in bitter need, asking to be rescued from death or from despair. It was the feeling of another's need that made me ready to help.

“But this particular woman—how can I make you understand. She had irritated me from the first moment when she dropped in with the pretence that she was on a casual excursion. Her arrogance had set my back up. Her manner had aroused the slumbering demon, the *Caliban* that lies hidden in us all. I was furious that she should come to me with her fine-lady airs, with her assumption of dispassionateness in what was really a life-or-death matter. Besides, a woman does not get into the family way from playing golf, or some such trifle. I pictured to myself with exasperating plainness that this imperious creature, so cold, so aloof ... for whom I was to be a mere instrument, and, apart from that, of no more significance to her than the dirt beneath her feet ... must, only two or three months before, have been passionate enough when clasped in the arms of the father of this unborn child she now wished me to destroy. Such was the thought which obsessed me. She had approached me with supercilious contempt; but I would make her mine with all the virile masterfulness and impetus and ardor of that unknown man. This is what I want you to grasp. Never before had I tried to take advantage of my position as a doctor. If I did so now, it was not from lust, not from an animal longing for sexual possession. I assure you it was not. I was moved by the craving to master her pride, to prove myself a dominant male, and thus to assert the supremacy of my ego over hers.

‘I have already told you that arrogant, seemingly cold women have always exercised a peculiar power over me. Superadded to this, on the present occasion, was the fact that for seven years I had not had a white woman in

my arms, had never encountered resistance in my wooing. Native girls are timorous little creatures who tremble with respectful ecstasy when a ‘white lord,’ a ‘tuan,’ deigns to take possession of them. They are overflowing with humility, always ready to give themselves for the asking—^with a servility that robs voluptuousness of its tang. The Arab girls are different, I believe, and perhaps even the Chinese and the Malays ; but I had been living among the Javanese. You can understand, then, how thrilled I was by this woman, so haughty and fierce and reserved; so brimful of mystery, and gravid with the fruit of a recent passion. You can realize what it meant to me that such a woman should walk boldly into the cage of such a man as I ... a veritable beast, lonely, starved, cut off from human fellowship. I tell you all this that you may understand what follows. Those were the thoughts that coursed through my brain, those were the impulses that stirred me, when, simulating indifference, I said coolly:

“ ‘One hundred thousand gulden? No, I won’t do it for that.’

“She looked at me, paling a little. No doubt she felt intuitively that the obstacle was not a matter of money. All she said, however, was: “ ‘What fee do you ask, then?’

“ ‘Let’s be frank with one another,’ I rejoined. ‘I am no trader. You must not look upon me as the poverty stricken apothecary in “Romeo and Juliet” who vends poison for the “worse poison,” gold. You will never get what you want from me if you regard me as a mere man of business,’

“ ‘You won’t do it, then?’

“‘Not for money.’

“For a moment there was silence. The room was so still that I could hear her breathing.

“ ‘What else can you want?’

“I answered hotly: “ ‘I want, first of all, that you should approach me, not as a trader, but as a man. That when you need help you should come to me, not with a parade of your gold “that’s poison to men’s souls,” but with a prayer to me, the human being, that I should help you, the human being. I am not only a doctor. “Hours of Consultation” are not the only hours I have to dispose of. There are other hours as well—and you may have chanced upon me in one of those other hours.’

“A brief silence followed. Then she pursed up her lips, and said: “ ‘So you would do it if I were to implore you?’”

“ ‘I did not say so. You are still trying to bargain, and win only plead if you have my implied promise. Plead first, and then I will answer you.’

“She tossed her head defiantly, like a spirited horse.

“‘I will not plead for your help. I would rather die.’

“I saw red, and answered furiously.

“If you will not sue, I will demand. I think there is no need of words. You know already what I want. When you have given it, I will help you.’

“She stared at me for a moment. Then (how can I make you realize the horror of it?) the tension of her features relaxed and she burst out laughing. She laughed with a contempt which at once ground me to powder and intoxicated me to madness. It came like an explosion of incredible violence, this disdainful laughter; and its effect on me was such that I wanted to abase myself before her, longed to kiss her feet. The energy of her scorn blasted me like lightning—and in that instant she turned, and made for the door.

“Involuntarily I pursued her to mumble excuses, to pray forgiveness, so crushed was I in spirit. But she faced me before leaving, to say, to command: “ ‘Do not dare to follow me, or try to find out who I am. If you do, you will regret it.’

“In a flash, she was gone.”

Further hesitation. Another silence. Then the voice issued from the darkness once more.

“She vanished through the doorway, and I stood rooted to the spot. I was, as it were, hypnotized by her prohibition. I heard her going downstairs; I heard the house-door close ; I heard everything. I longed to follow her. Why? I don’t know whether it was to call her back, to strike her, to strangle her. Anyhow, I wanted to follow her—and could not. It was as if her fierce

answer had paralyzed me. I know this will sound absurd; such, however, was the fact. Minutes passed— five, ten, it may be—before I could stir.

“But as soon as I made the first movement, the spell was broken. I rushed down the stairs. There was only one road by which she could have gone, first to the settlement, and thence back to civilization. I hastened to the shed to get my bicycle, only to find that I had forgotten the key. Without waiting to fetch it I dragged the frail bamboo door from its hinges and seized the wheel. Next moment I was pedaling madly down the road in pursuit. I must catch her up; I must overtake her before she could get to her car ; I must speak to her.

“The dusty track unrolled itself in front of me, and the distance I had to ride before I caught sight of her showed me how long I must have stood entranced after she left. There she was at last, where the road curved round the forest just before entering the settlement. She was walking quickly; behind her strode the China boy. She must have become aware of my pursuit the instant I saw her, for she stopped to speak to the boy and then went on alone, while he stood waiting. Why did she go on alone? Did she want to speak to me where no one could listen? I put on a spurt, when suddenly the boy, as I was about to pass him, leapt in front of me. I swerved to avoid him, ran up the bank, and fell.

“I was on my feet again in an instant, cursing the boy, and I raised my fist to deal him a blow, but he evaded it. Not bothering about him any more, I picked up my bicycle and was about to remount when the rascal sprang forward and seized the handle-bar, saying in pidgin- English;

“‘Master stoppee here.’

“You haven’t lived in the tropics. You can hardly realize the intolerable impudence of such an action on the part of a native, and a servant at that. A yellow beast of a China boy actually presumed to catch hold of my bicycle and to tell me, a white ‘tuan,’ to stay where I was! My natural answer was to give him one between the eyes. He staggered, but maintained his grip on the cycle. His slit-like, slanting eyes were full of slavish fear, but for all that he was stout of heart, and would not let go.

“ ‘Master stoppee here !’ he repeated.

“It was lucky I had not brought my automatic pistol. Had I had it with me, I should certainly have shot him then and there.

“‘Let go, you dog !’ I shouted.

“He stared at me, panic-stricken, but would not obey. In a fury and feeling sure that further delay would enable her to escape me, I gave him a knock-out blow on the chin, which crumbled him up in the road.

“Now the cycle was free; but, when I tried to mount, I found that the front wheel had been buckled in the fall and would not turn. After a vain attempt to straighten the wheel, I flung the machine in the dust beside the China boy (who, bleeding from my violence, was coming to his senses) and ran along the road into the settlement.

“Yes, I ran; and here again, you, who have not lived in the tropics, will find it hard to realize all that this implies. For a white man, a European, thus to forget his dignity, and to run before a lot of staring natives, is to make himself a laughing-stock. Well, I was past thinking of my dignity. I ran like a madman in front of the huts, where the inmates gaped to see the settlement doctor, the white lord, running like a rickshaw coolie.

“I was dripping with sweat when I reached the settlement;

“ ‘Where’s the car?’ I shouted, breathless.

“ ‘Just gone, Tuan,’ came the answer.

“They were staring at me in astonishment. I must have looked like a lunatic, wet and dirty, as I shouted out my question the moment I was within hail. Glancing down the road I saw, no longer the car, but the dust raised by its passing. She had made good her escape. Her device of leaving the boy to hinder me had been successful.

“Yet, after all, her flight availed her nothing. In the tropics the names and the doings of the scattered members of the ruling European caste are known to all. From this outlook, Java is but a big village where gossip is rife. While she had been visiting me, her chauffeur had spent an idle hour in the settlement headquarters. Within a few minutes I knew everything ; knew her name and that she lived in the provincial capital more than a hundred and fifty miles away. She was (as, indeed, I knew already) an Englishwoman.

Her husband was a Dutch merchant, fabulously rich. He had been away five months, on a business journey in America, and was expected back in a few days. Then husband and wife were to pay a visit to England.

“Her husband had been five months away. It had been obvious to me that she could not be more than three months pregnant.

“Till now it has been easy enough for me to explain everything to you clearly, for up to this point my motives were plain to myself. As a doctor, a trained observer, I could readily diagnose my own condition. But from now on I was like a man in delirium. I had completely lost self-control. I knew how preposterous were my actions, and yet I went on doing them. Have you ever heard of ‘running amuck’ ?

“Yes, I think so. It’s some sort of drunken frenzy among the Malays, isn’t it?”

“More than drunkenness. More than frenzy. It’s a condition which makes a man behave like a rabid dog, transforms him into a homicidal maniac. It’s a strange and terrible mental disorder. I’ve seen cases of it and studied them carefully while in the East, without ever being able to clear up its true nature. It’s partly an outcome of the climate, of the sultry, damp, oppressive atmosphere, which strains the nerves until at last they snap. Of course a Malay who runs amuck has generally been in trouble of some sort—jealousy gambling losses, or what not. The man will be sitting quietly, as if there were nothing wrong—just as I was sitting in my room before she came to see me.

“Suddenly he will spring to his feet, seize his kris, dash into the street, and run headlong no matter where. He stabs any who happen to find themselves in his path, and the shedding of blood infuriates him more and more. He foams at the mouth, shouts as he runs, tears on and on, brandishing his blood-stained dagger. Everyone knows that nothing but death will stop the madman; they scurry out of his way, shouting ‘Amok, Amok,’ to warn others. Thus he runs, killing, killing, killing, until he is shot down like the mad dog that he is.

“It is because I have seen Malays running amuck that I know so well what was my condition during those days, those days still so recent, those days about which I am going to tell you. Like such a Malay, I ran my furious course in pursuit of that Englishwoman, looking neither to the right nor to the left, obsessed with the one thought of seeing her again. I can scarcely remember all I did in the hurried moments before I actually set out on her trail. Within a minute or two of learning her name and where she lived, I had borrowed a bicycle and was racing back to my own quarters. I flung a spare suit or two into a valise, stuffed a bundle of notes into my pocket, and rode off to the nearest railway station. I did not report to the district officer; I made no arrangements about a substitute; I left the house just as it was, paying no heed to the servants who gathered round me asking for instructions.

Within an hour from the time when that woman had first called to see me, I had broken with the past and was running amuck into the void.

“In truth I gained nothing by my haste, as I should have known had I been able to think. It was late afternoon when I got to the railway station, and in the Javanese mountains the trains do not run after dark for fear of wash-outs. After a sleepless night in the dak-bungalow, and a day’s journey by rail, at six in the evening I reached the town where she lived, feeling sure that by car, she would have got there long before me. Within ten minutes I was at her door. ‘What could have been more senseless?’ you will say. I know, I know; but one who is running amuck runs amuck; he does not look where he is going.

“I sent in my card. The servant (not the China boy—I suppose he had not turned up yet) came back to say that his mistress was not well enough to see anyone.

“I stumbled into the street. For an hour or more I hung around the house, in the forlorn hope that perhaps she would relent and would send out for me. Then I took a room at a neighboring hotel and had a couple of bottles of whisky sent upstairs. With these and a stiff dose of *Veronal* I at length managed to drug myself into unconsciousness—a heavy sleep that was the only interlude in the race from life to death.”

Eight bells struck. It was four in the morning. The sudden noise startled the narrator, and he broke off abruptly. In a little while, however, collecting himself, he went on with his story.

“It is hard to describe the hours that followed. I think I must have had fever. Anyhow I was in a state of irritability bordering on madness. I was running

amuck. It was on Tuesday evening that I got to the coast town, and, as I learned next morning, her husband was expected on Saturday. There were three clear days during which I might help her out of her trouble. I knew there wasn't a moment to waste—and she wouldn't see me! My longing to help, and my longing (still greater, if possible) to excuse myself for my insane demand, intensified the disorder of my nerves. Every second was precious. The whole thing hung by a hair and I had behaved so outrageously that she would not let me come near her. Imagine that you are running after someone to warn him against an assassin and that he takes you for the would-be assassin, so that he flees from you towards destruction. All that she could see in me was the frenzied pursuer who had humiliated her with a base proposal and now wanted to renew it.

“That was the absurdity of the whole thing. My one wish was to help her and she would not see me. I would have committed any crime to help her, but she did not know.

“Next morning when I called, the China boy was standing at the door. I suppose that he had got back by the same train as myself. He must have been on the lookout; for the instant I appeared he whisked out of sight ...though not before I had seen the bruises on his face. Perhaps he had only hurried in to announce my coming. That is one of the things that madden me now, to think that she may have realized that, after all, I wanted, to help, and may have been ready to receive me. But the sight of him reminded me of my shame, so that I turned back from the door without venturing to send in my name. I went away; went away in torment when she, perhaps, in no less torment, was awaiting me.

“I did not know how to pass the weary hours in this unfamiliar town. At length it occurred to me to call on the Vice-Resident, the man whose leg I had set to rights up country after he had had a motor smash. He was at home, and was, of course, delighted to see me. Did I tell you that I can speak Dutch as fluently as any Dutchman? I was at school in Holland for a couple of years. That was one reason why I chose the Dutch colonial service when I had to clear out of Leipzig.

“There must have been something queer about my manner, though. My grateful patient, for all his civility, eyed me askance, as if he divined that I was running amuck! I told him I had come to ask for a transfer. I couldn’t live in the wilds any longer. I wanted an instant remove to the provincial capital. He looked at me questioningly, and in a non-committal way—much as a medical man looks at a patient.

“ ‘A nervous break-down, Doctor?’ he inquired. ‘I understand that only too well. We can arrange matters for you, but you’ll have to wait for a little while ; three or four weeks, let us say, while we’re finding someone to relieve you at your present post.’

“ ‘Three or four weeks !’ I exclaimed. ‘I can’t wait a single day!’

“Again that questioning look. “ ‘I’m afraid you’ll have to put up with it, Doctor. We mustn’t leave your station unattended. Still, I promise you I’ll set matters in train this very day.’

“I stood there biting my lips and realizing for the first time how completely I had sold myself into slavery. It was in my mind to defy him and his regulations ; but he was tactful, he was indebted to me, and he did not want an open breach. Forestalling my determination to reply angrily, he went on: “ ‘You’ve been living like a hermit, you know, and that’s enough to put anyone’s nerves on edge. We’ve all been wondering why you never asked for leave, why you never came to see us down here. Some cheerful company, now and then, would have done you all the good in the world. This evening, by the way, there’s a reception at Government House. Won’t you join us? The whole colony will be there, including a good many people who have often asked about you and have wanted very much to make your acquaintance.’

“At this I pricked up my ears. ‘Asked about me?’ ‘Wanted to make my acquaintance?’ Was she one of them? The thought was like wine to me. I remembered my manners, thanked him for his invitation and promise to come early.

“I did go early, too early! Spurred on by impatience, I was the first to appear in the great drawing-room at the Residency. There I had to sit cooling my heels and listening to the soft tread of the bare-footed native servants who went to and fro about their business and (so it seemed to my morbid imagination) were sniggering at me behind my back. For a quarter of an hour I was the only guest amid a silence which, when the servants had finished their preparations, became so profound that I could hear the ticking of my watch in my pocket.

“Then the other guests began to arrive, some government officials with their wives, and the Vice-Resident put in an appearance. He welcomed me most graciously, and entered into a long conversation in which (I think) I was able to keep my end up all right—^until, of a sudden, my nervousness returned and I began to falter.

“She had entered the room and it was a good thing that at this moment the Vice-Resident wound up his talk with me and began a conversation with someone else, for otherwise I believe I should simply have turned my back on the man. She was dressed in yellow silk, which set off her ivory shoulders admirably, and was talking brightly amid a group. Yet I, who knew her secret trouble, could read (or fancied I could read) care beneath her smile. I moved nearer, but she did not or would not see me. That smile of hers maddened me once more, for I knew it to be feigned. ‘Today is Wednesday,’ I thought. ‘On Saturday her husband will be back. How can she smile so unconcernedly? How can she toy with her fan, instead of breaking it with a convulsive clutch?’

“I, a stranger, was trembling in face of what awaited her. I, a stranger, had for two days been suffering with her suffering. What could her smile be but a mask to hide the storm that raged within?

“From the next room came the sound of music. Dancing was to begin. A middle-aged officer claimed her as his partner. Excusing herself to those with whom she had been conversing, she took his arm and walked with him towards the ballroom. This brought her close to me and she could not fail to see me. For a moment she was startled, and then (before I could make up my

mind whether or not to claim acquaintance) she nodded in a friendly way, said ‘Good evening, Doctor,* and passed on.

“No one could have guessed what lay hidden behind that casual glance. Indeed, I myself was puzzled. Why had she openly recognized me? Was she making an advance, an offer of reconciliation? Was she still on the defensive? Had she merely been taken by surprise? How could I tell? All I knew was that I had been stirred to the depths, “I watched her as she waltzed, a smile of enjoyment playing about her lips, and I knew that all the while she must be thinking, not of the dance, but of the one thing of which I was thinking, of the dread secret which she and I alone shared. The thought intensified (if possible) my anxiety, my longing, and my bewilderment. I don’t know if anyone else was observing me, but I am sure that my eager scrutiny of her must have been in manifest contrast to her ostensible unconcern. I simply could not look at anyone but her, for I was watching all the time to see whether she would not, were it but for a moment, let the mask fall. The fixity of my stare must have been disagreeable to her. As she came back on her partner’s arm, she flashed a look at me, dictatorial, angry, as if bidding me to exercise a little more self-control.

“But I, as I have explained to you, was running amuck. I knew well enough what her glance meant! ‘Don’t attract attention to me like this. Keep yourself in hand.’ She was asking me to show some discretion in this place of public assembly. I felt assured now, that if I went quietly home she would receive me should I call on the morrow; that all she wanted of me was that I should behave decorously; that she was (with good reason) afraid of my making a scene. Yes, I understood what she

wanted; but I was running amuck and I had to speak to her there and then. I moved over to the group amid which she was talking. They were all strangers to me; yet I rudely shouldered my way in among them. There I stood my ground listening to her, though I trembled like a whipped cur whenever her eyes rested coldly on mine. I was obviously unwelcome. No one said a word to me and it must have been plain that she resented my intrusion.

“I cannot tell how long I should have gone on standing there. To all eternity, perhaps. I was spellbound. To her, however, the strain became unbearable. Suddenly she broke off and, with a charming and convincing assumption of indifference, said: ‘Well, I’m rather tired so I shall turn in early. I’ll ask you to excuse me. Good night!’

“She gave a friendly nod which included me with the others, and turned away. I watched her smooth, white, well-shaped back above her yellow silk gown and at first (so dazed was I) I scarcely realized that I was to see her no more that evening, that I was to have no word with her on that last evening to which I had looked forward as the evening of salvation. I stood stock-still until I grasped this. Then ... then ...

“I must put the whole picture before you, if I am to make you understand what an idiot I made of myself. The big drawing-room at the Residency was now almost empty, though blazing with light. Most of the guests were dancing in the ballroom, while the older men who had lost taste for pairing off in this way had settled down to cards elsewhere. There were but a few scattered groups talking here and there. Across this huge hall she walked,

with that dignity and grace which enthralled me, nodding farewell to one and to another as she passed. By the time I had fully taken in the situation she was at the other end of the room and about to leave it. At that instant, becoming aware that she would escape me, I started to run after her, yes, to run, my pumps clattering as I sped across the polished floor. Of course everyone stared at me, and I was overwhelmed with shame ... yet I could not stop, I caught her up as she reached the door, and she turned on me, her eyes blazing, her nostrils quivering with scorn.

“But she had the self-command which in me was so lamentably lacking, and in an instant she had mastered her anger and burst out laughing. With ready wit, speaking loudly so that all could hear, she said: “ ‘Ah, Doctor, so you’ve just remembered that prescription for my little boy, after all ! You men of science are apt to be forgetful now and again, aren’t you?’

“ Two men standing near by grinned good humouredly. I understood, admired the skill with which she was glossing over my clownishness, and had the sense to take her hint. Pulling out my pocket-book, in which there were some prescription blanks, I tore one off and handed it to her with a muttered apology. Taking the paper from me with a smile and a ‘Good night!’ she departed.

“She had saved the situation; but I felt that, as far as my position with her was concerned, the case was hopeless, that she loathed me for my insensate folly, hated me more than death ; that again and again and again (however often I might come) she would drive me from her door like a dog.

“I stumbled across the room, people staring at me. No doubt there was something strange about my appearance. Making my way to the buffet, I drank four glasses of brandy in brief succession. My nerves were worn to rags and nothing but this overdose of stimulant would have kept me going. I slipped away by a side door, furtively, as if I had been a burglar. Not for a kingdom would I have crossed the great hall again, have exposed myself to mocking eyes. What did I do next? I can hardly remember. Wandering from one saloon to another, I tried to drink myself into oblivion; but nothing could dull my senses. Still I heard the laugh which had first driven me crazy and the feigned laughter with which she had covered up my boorishness that evening. Walking on the quays, I looked down into the water, and regretted bitterly that I had not brought my pistol with me so that I could blow out my brains and drop into the quiet pool. My mind became fixed on this automatic and I resolved to make an end of myself. I wearily went back to the hotel.

“If I refrained from shooting myself in the small hours, it was not, believe me, from cowardice. Nothing I should have liked better than to press the trigger, in the conviction that thus I could put an end to the torment of my thoughts. After all, I was obsessed by the idea of duty, that accursed notion of duty. It maddened me to think that she might still have need of me, to know that she really did need me. Here was Thursday morning. In two days her husband would be back. I was sure this proud woman would never live to face the shame that must ensue upon discovery. I tramped up and down my room for hours, turning these thoughts over in my mind, cursing the impatience, the blunders, that had made it impossible for me to help her. How was I to approach her now? How was I to convince her that all I asked was to be allowed to serve her? She would not see me, she would not see

me. In fancy I heard her fierce laughter and watched her nostrils twitching with contempt. Up and down, up and down the ten feet of my narrow room till the tropic day had dawned and speedily the morning sun was glaring into the veranda. As you know, in the tropics everyone is up and about by six.

“Flinging myself into a chair, I seized some letter paper and began to write to her, anything, everything, a cringing letter, in which I implored her forgiveness, proclaimed myself a madman and a villain, besought her to trust me, to put herself in my hands after all. I swore that I would disappear thereafter, from the town, the colony, the world, if she wanted me to. Let her only forgive me and trust me, allow me to help her in this supreme moment.

“I covered twenty pages. It must have been a fantastic letter, like one penned in a lunatic asylum or by a man in the delirium of fever. When I had finished, I was dripping with sweat and the room whirled round me as I rose to my feet. Gulping down a glass of water, I tried to read through what I had written, but the words swam before my eyes. I reached for an envelope and then it occurred to me to add something that might move her. Snatching up the pen once more, I scrawled across the back of the last page: ‘Shall await a word of forgiveness here at the hotel. If I don’t hear from you before nightfall, I shall shoot myself.*

“Closing the letter, I shouted for one of the boys and told him to have the chit delivered instantly. There was nothing more for me to do but to await an answer.**

As if to mark this interval, it was some minutes before he spoke again. When he did so, the words came with a renewed impetus.

“Christianity has lost its meaning for me. The old myths of heaven and hell no longer influence me. But if there were a hell I should dread it little, for there could be no hell worse than those hours I spent in the hotel. A little room, baking in the noonday heat. You know these hotel rooms in the tropics—only a bed and a table and a chair. Nothing on the table but a watch and an automatic. Sitting on the chair in front of the table a man staring at the watch and the pistol—a man who ate nothing, drank nothing, did not even smoke, but sat without stirring as he looked at the dial of his watch and saw the second hand making its unending circuit. That was how I spent the day, waiting, waiting, waiting. And yet, for all that I was motionless, I was still like the Malay running amuck or like a rabid dog, pursuing my frenzied course to destruction.

“Well, I won’t make any further attempt to describe those hours. Enough to say that I don’t understand how anyone can live through such a time and keep reasonably sane.

“At twenty-two minutes past three (my eyes were still glued to the watch) there came a knock at the door. A native youngster with a folded scrap of paper—no envelope. I snatched it from him and he was gone before I had time to tear open the note. Then, to begin with, I could not read the brief message. Here was her reply at last and the words ran together before my eyes ! They conveyed no meaning to me. I had to dip my head in cold water

and calm my agitation before my senses cleared and I could grasp the meaning of the penciled English.

“ ‘Too late I Still, you’d better stay at the hotel. Perhaps I shall have to send for you in the end.’

“There was no signature on the crumpled page, a blank half-sheet torn from a prospectus or something of the kind. The writing was unsteady, perhaps from agitation, perhaps because it had been written in a moving carriage. How could I tell? All I knew was that anxiety, haste, horror, seemed to cling to it; that it gripped me profoundly; and yet that I was glad, for at least she had written to me. I was to keep alive, for she might need me, she might let me help her after all. I lost myself in the maddest conjectures and hopes. I read the curt words again and again ; I kissed them repeatedly; I grew calmer, and passed into a stage betwixt sleep and waking when time no longer had any meaning—coma vigil is what we doctors call it.

“This must have lasted for hours. Dusk was at hand when I came to myself with a start, so it was certainly near six o’clock. Had there been another knock? I listened intently. Then it was unmistakable—a knocking, gentle yet insistent. Unsteady (for I felt giddy and faint) I sprang to the door. There in the passage stood the China boy. It was still light enough to show me, not only the traces of my rough handling, not only black eyes and a bruised chin, but that his yellow face was ashen pale.

“ ‘Master, come quickly.’ That was all.

“I ran downstairs, the boy at my heels. A gharry was waiting and we jumped in.

“ ‘What has happened?’ I asked, as the man drove off without further orders.

“The boy looked at me, his lips twitched, but he said never a word. I repeated my question; still he was silent. I felt angry enough to strike him once more ; yet I was touched by his devotion to his mistress and so I kept myself in hand. If he wouldn’t speak, he wouldn’t ; that was all.

“The gharryman was flogging his ponies, driving so furiously that people had to jump out of the way to avoid being run over. The streets were thronged, for we had left the European settlement and were on our way through the Javanese and Malay town into the Chinese quarter. Here the gharry drew up in a narrow alley, in front of a tumbledown house. It was a sordid place, a little shop in front, lighted by a tallow candle; the attached dwelling was an unsavory hotel—one of those opium-dens, brothels, thieves’ kitchens or receivers’ stores, such as are run by the worst sort of Chinese in all the big cities of the East.

“The boy knocked at the door. It opened for an inch or two and a tedious parley ensued. Impatiently I, too, jumped out of the gharry, put my shoulder to the door, forced it open—an elderly Chinese woman fled before me with a shriek. I dashed along a passage, the boy after me, to another door. Opening this, I found myself in a dim interior, reeking of brandy and of blood. Someone was groaning. I could make out nothing in the gloom, but I groped my way towards the sound.”

Another pause. When he spoke again, it was with sobs almost as much as with words.

“I groped my way towards the sound—and there she was, lying on a strip of dirty matting, twisted with pain, sighing and groaning. I could not see her face,, so dark was the room. Stretching out my hand, I found hers, which was burning hot. She was in a high fever. I shuddered as I realized what had happened. She had come to this foul den in quest of the service I had refused, had sought out a Chinese midwife, hoping in this way to find the secrecy she no longer trusted me to observe. Rather than place herself in my care, she had come to the old witch I had seen in the passage, and had herself mauled by a bungler—because I had behaved like a madman, had so grievously affronted her that she thought it better to take any risks rather than to let me give the aid which, to begin with, I had only been willing to grant on monstrous terms.

“I shouted for light, and that detestable beldame brought a stinking and smoky kerosene lamp. I should have liked to strangle her— but what good would that have done? She put the lamp down on the table; and now, in its yellow glare, I could see the poor, martyred body.

“Then, of a sudden, the fumes were lifted from my brain. No longer half-crazed, I forgot my anger and even for the time forgot the evil mood that had brought us to this pass. Once more I was the doctor, the man of skill and knowledge, to whom there had come an urgent call to use them for the best advantage of a suffering fellow mortal. I forgot my wretched self and with

reawakened intelligence I was ready to do battle with the forces of destruction.

“I passed my hands over the nude body which so recently I had lusted for. Now it had become the body of my patient and was nothing more. I saw in it only the seat of a Life at grips with death, only the form of one writhing in torment. Her blood on my hands was not horrible to me, now that I was again the expert upon whose coolness everything turned. I saw, as an expert, the greatness of her danger...

“I saw, indeed, that all was lost, short of a miracle. She had been so mishandled that her life-blood was rapidly draining away. And what was there, in this filthy hovel, which I could make use of in the hope of stanching the flow? Everything I looked at, everything I touched was besoiled. Not even a clean basin and clean water!

“ 'We must have you removed to hospital instantly,' I said. Thereupon, torture of mind superadded to torture of body, she writhed protestingly.

“ 'No,' she whispered, 'no, no. I would rather die. No one must know. No one must know. Take me home, home!'

“I understood. Her reputation was more to her than her life. I understood and I obeyed. The boy fetched a litter. We lifted her on to it and then carried her, half-dead, home through the night. Ignoring the terrified questions and exclamations of the servants, we took her to her room. Then began the struggle ; the prolonged and futile struggle with death.

He clutched my arm, so that it was hard not to shout from surprise and pain. His face was so close that I could see the white gleam of teeth and the pale sheen of spectacle-glasses in the starlight. He spoke with such intensity, with such fierce wrath, that his voice assailed me like something betwixt a hiss and a shriek.

“You, a stranger I have never glimpsed in the daylight, you who are (I suppose) touring the world at your ease, do you know what it is to see someone die? Have you ever sat by anyone in the death agony, seen the body twisting in the last wrestle and the blue finger-nails clawing at vacancy ; heard the rattle in the throat ; watched the inexpressible horror in the eyes of the dying? Have you ever had that terrible experience—^you, an idler, a globe-trotter, who can talk so glibly about one’s duty to help?

“I have seen it often enough as a doctor, have studied death as a clinical happening. Once only have I experienced it in the full sense of the term. Once only have I lived with another and died with another. Once only, during that ghastly vigil a few nights ago when I sat cudgeling my brains for some way of stopping the flow of blood, some means of cooling the fever which was consuming her before my eyes, some method of staving off imminent death.

“Do you understand what it is to be a doctor, thoroughly trained in the science and practice of medicine, and (as you sagely remark) one whose first duty is to help —and to sit powerless by the bedside of the dying; knowing, from all one’s knowledge, only one thing—that one can give no help? To

feel the pulse as it flickers and fades? My hands were tied 1 I could not take her to the hospital, where something might have been done to give her a chance. I could not summon aid. I could only sit and watch her die, mumbling meaningless invocations like an old apple-woman at church, and next minute clenching my fists in impotent wrath against a non-existent deity.

“Can you understand? Can you understand? What I cannot understand is how one survives such hours, why one does not die with the dying, how one can get up next morning and clean one’s teeth and put on one’s necktie; how one can go on living in the ordinary way after feeling what I had felt, for the first time, that one I would give anything and everything to save was slipping away, some-whither, beyond recall.

“There was an additional torment. As I sat beside the bed (I had given her an injection of morphine to ease the pain and she lay quiet now with cheeks ashen pale), I felt the unceasing tension of a fixed gaze boring into my back. The China boy was sitting cross-legged on the floor, murmuring prayers in his own tongue. Whenever I glanced at him, he raised his eyes imploringly to mine, like a hound dumbly beseeching aid. He lifted his hands as if in supplication to a god—lifted them to me, the impotent weakling who knew that all was vain, that I was of no more use in that room than an insect running across the floor.

“It added to my torture, this petitioning of his, this fanatical conviction that my skill would enable me to save the woman whose life was ebbing as he looked on and prayed. I could have screamed at him and have trampled him

under foot, so much did his eager expectancy hurt me; and yet I felt that he and I were bound together by our fondness for the dying woman and by the dread secret we shared.

“Like an animal at watch, he sat huddled up behind me; but the instant I wanted anything he was alert, eager to fetch it, hoping I had thought of something that might help even now. He would have given his own blood to save her life. I am sure of it. So would!. But what was the use of thinking of transfusion (even if I had had the instruments) when there were no means of arresting the flow of blood? It would only have prolonged her agony. But this China boy would have died for her, as would!. Such was the power she had. And I had not even the power to save her from bleeding to death!

“Towards daybreak she regained consciousness, awoke from the drugged sleep. She opened her eyes, which were no longer proud and cold. The heat of fever glowed in them as she looked round the room. Catching sight of me, she was puzzled for a moment and needed an effort to recall who this stranger was. Then she remembered. She regarded me at first, with enmity, waving her arms feebly as if to repel me and showing by her movements that she would have fled from me had she but had the strength. Then, collecting her thoughts, she looked at me more calmly. Her breathing was labored; she tried to speak; she wanted to sit up, but was too weak. Begging her to desist, I leaned closer to her, so that I should be able to hear her lightest whisper. She regarded me piteously, her lips moved, and faint indeed was the whisper that came from them:

“ ‘No one will find out? No one?’

“ ‘No one,’ I responded, with heartfelt conviction. ‘No one shall ever know.’

“Her eyes were still uneasy. With a great effort she managed to breathe the words: “ ‘Swear that no one shall know. Swear it.’

“I raised my hand solemnly and murmured : ‘I pledge you my word.’

“She looked at me, weak though she was, cordially ... gratefully. Yes, despite all the harm I had done, she was grateful to me at the last, she smiled her thanks, A little later she tried to speak again, but was not equal to the exertion. Then she lay peacefully, with her eyes closed. Before daylight shone clearly into the room, all was over.”

A long silence. He had overcome the frenzy which had prompted him to seize me by the arm and had sunk back exhausted. The stars were paling when three bells struck. A fresh though gentle breeze was blowing as herald of the dawn that comes so quickly in the tropics. Soon I could see him plainly. He had taken off his cap, so that his face was exposed. It was pinched with misery. He scanned me through his spectacles with some interest, to see what sort of a man was this stranger to whom he had been pouring out his heart. Then he went on with his story, speaking with a scornful intonation.

“For her, all was over; but not for me. I was alone with the corpse in a strange house ; in a town where (as in all such places) gossip runs like wildfire, and I had pledged my word that her secret should be kept! Consider

the situation. Here was a woman moving in the best society of the colony and, to all seeming, in perfect health. She had danced the evening before last at Government House. Now she was dead and the only doctor who knew anything about the matter, the man who had sat by her while she died, was a chance visitor to the town, summoned to her bedside by one of the servants. This doctor and this servant had brought her home in a litter under cover of darkness and had kept everyone else out of the way. Not until morning did they call the other servants to tell them their mistress was dead. The news would be all over the town within an hour or two, and how was I, the doctor from an upcountry station, to account for the sudden death, for what I had done and for what I had failed to do? Why hadn't I sent for one of my colleagues to share the responsibility? Why? ... Why? ... Why?

"I knew what lay before me. My only helper was the China boy ; but he, at any rate, was a devoted assistant, who realized that there was still a fight to be fought.

"I had said to him: 'You understand, don't you? Your mistress's last wish was that no one shall know what has happened.'

" 'Sawee plenty. Master,' he answered simply; and I knew that I could trust him.

"He washed the blood stains from the floor, set all to right as quickly as possible, and his fortitude sustained mine.

“Never before have I had so much concentrated energy, nor shall I ever have it again. When one has lost everything but a last remnant, one fights for that last remnant with desperate courage, with fierce resolution. The remnant for which I was fighting was her legacy to me, her secret. I was calm and self-assured in my reception of everyone who came, telling them the tale I had decided upon to account for the death. After all, people are used to sudden, grave, and fatal illness in the tropics; and the laity cannot openly question a doctor’s authoritative statements. I explained that the China boy, whom she had sent to fetch the doctor when she was taken ill, had chanced to meet me. But while talking thus to all and sundry with apparent composure, I was awaiting the one man who really mattered, the senior surgeon, who would have to inspect the body before burial could take place. It was Thursday morning and on Saturday the husband was coming back. Speedy burial is the rule in this part of the world; but the senior surgeon, not I, would have to sign the necessary certificates.

“At nine he was announced. I had sent for him, of course. He was my superior in rank and he bore me a grudge because of the local reputation I had acquired in the little matter of the Vice-Resident’s broken leg. This was the doctor of whom she had spoken so contemptuously, as good only for bridge. According to official routine my wish for a transfer would pass through his hands. No doubt the Vice-Resident had already mentioned it to him.

“The instant we met that morning, I guessed his enmity, but this only steeled me to my task.

“As soon as I came into the anti-room where he was waiting, he began the attack;” “When did Madame Blank die?”

““At six this morning.’

“ ‘When did she send for you?’

““At nightfall yesterday.’

“ ‘Did you know that I was her regular professional attendant?’

““Yes.’

“ ‘Why didn’t you send for me, then?’

“ ‘There wasn’t time—and, besides, Madame Blank had put herself in my hands exclusively. In fact, she expressly forbade me to call in any other doctor.’

“He stared at me. His face flushed. Suppressing an angry retort, he said with assumed indifference;

““Well, even though you could get on without me so long as she was alive, you have fulfilled your official duty in sending for me now, and I must fulfill mine by verifying the death and ascertaining the cause.’

“ I made no answer, and let him lead the way to the death-chamber. As soon as we were there and before he could touch the body, I said: “‘It is not a question of ascertaining the cause of death, but of inventing a cause. Madame Blank sent for me to save her, if I could, from the consequences of an abortion, clumsily performed by a Chinese midwife. To save her life was impossible, but I pledged my word to save her reputation. I want you to help me.’

“He looked surprise.

“‘You actually want me, the senior surgeon of this province, to join you in concealing a crime?’

“

‘Yes, that is what I want you to do.’

“‘In fact,’ he said with a sneer, ‘I am to help in the hushing-up of a crime you have committed.’

“‘I have given you to understand that, as far as Madame Blank is concerned, all I have done is to try to save her from the consequences of her own indiscretion and someone else’s crime (if you want to insist on the word) . Had I been the culprit, I should not be alive at this hour. She has herself paid the extreme penalty, and the miserable bungler who procured the abortion really does not matter one way or the other. You cannot punish the criminal without tarnishing the dead woman’s reputation, and that I will not suffer.’

“ ‘You will not suffer it? You talk to me as if you were my official chief, instead of my being yours. You dare to order me about. I had already surmised there must be something queer when you were summoned from your nook in the backwoods. A fine beginning you’ve made of it with your attempt to interlope here. Well, all that remains for me is to make my own investigation, and I can assure you that I shall report exactly what I find. I’m not going to put my name to a false certificate ; you needn’t think so !’

“I was imperturbable.

“ ‘You’ll have to, this once. If you don’t, you’ll never leave the room alive.’

“I put my hand in my pocket. The pistol was not there (I had left it in my room at the hotel), but the bluff worked. He drew back in alarm; whereupon I made a step forward and said, with a calculated mingling of threat and conciliation

“ ‘Look here I shall be sorry to go to extremes, but you’d better understand that I don’t value either my life or yours at a single stiver. I’m so far through that there’s only one thing in the world left for me to care about, and that’s the keeping of my promise to this dead woman that the manner of her death shall remain secret. I give you my word that if you sign a certificate to the effect that she died of—^what shall we say?—a sudden access of malignant tropical fever with hyperpyrexia, leading to heart failure—that will sound plausible enough—if you do this, I will leave the Indies within a week. I will, if you like, put a bullet through my head as soon as she is buried and I

can be sure that no one (understand, no one) can make any further examination. That should satisfy- you. In fact, it must satisfy you.^

“My voice, my whole aspect, must have been menacing, for he was cowed. Whenever I advanced a little he retreated, showing that uncontrollable fear with which people flee from a man brandishing a blood-stained kris, a man who is running amuck. He wilted visibly and changed his tone. He was no longer the adamantine official, standing invincibly upon punctilio.

“Still, with a last vestige of resistance, he murmured:

““Never in my life have I signed a false certificate. Perhaps there would be no question raised if I were to word the document as you suggest. It is perfectly clear to me, however, that I ought not to do anything of the kind.’

““Of course you “ought not,” judging by conventional standards,’ I rejoined, wishing to help him to save his face. ‘But this is a special case. When you know that the disclosure of the truth can only bring grievous suffering to a living man and blast the reputation of a dead woman, why hesitate?’

“He nodded. We sat down together at the table. Amicable enough now to all seeming, we concocted the certificate which was the basis of the account of the matter published in next day’s newspaper. Then he stood up and looked at me searchingly:

““You’ll sail for Europe by the next boat, won’t you?’

“Of course I’ve pledged you my word.’

“He continued to stare at me. I saw that he wanted to be strict and businesslike and that the task was hard. It was as much in the endeavor to hide his embarrassment as from any wish to convey information that he said:

“Blank was going home with his wife immediately after his arrival from Yokohama. I expect the poor fellow will want to take his wife’s body back to her people in England. He’s a wealthy man, you know, and the rich can indulge these fancies. I shall order the coffin instantly, and have it lined with sheet lead so that it can be sealed. That will get over immediate difficulties and he will know that in this sweltering heat there was no possibility of awaiting his appearance on the scene. Even if he thinks we’ve been precipitate, he won’t venture to say so. We’re officials and he’s only a merchant after all, though he could buy us both up and never miss the money. Besides, we’re acting as we do to save him needless pain.’

“My enemy of a few minutes was now my acknowledged confederate. Well, he knew he was soon going to be rid of me for ever ; and he had to justify himself to himself. But what he did next was utterly unexpected.

He shook me warmly by the hand I “I hope you’ll soon be all right again,’ he said.

“What on earth did he mean? Was I ill? Was I mad? I opened the door for him ceremoniously and bade him farewell. There with my energies ran down. The room swam round me and I collapsed beside her bed as the

frenzied Malay collapses when he has run his murderous course and is at last shot down.

“I don’t know how long I lay on the floor. At length there was a rustling noise, a movement in the room. I looked up. There stood the China boy, regarding me uneasily.

“‘Someone have come. Wanchee see Missis,’ he said.

“‘You mustn’t let anyone in.’

“‘But, Master ...’

‘He hesitated, looked at me timidly, and tried in vain to speak. The poor wretch was obviously suffering.

“‘Who is it?’

“He trembled like a dog in fear of a blow. He did not utter any name. A sense of delicacy rare in a native servant restrained him. He said simply :

“ ‘B’long that man!’

“He did not need to be explicit. I knew instantly whom he meant. At the word I was all eagerness to see this unknown, whose very existence I had forgotten. For, strange as it may seem to you, after the first disclosure she

had made to me and her rejection of my infamous proposal, I had completely put him out of my mind. Amid the hurry and anxiety and stress of what had happened since, it had actually slipped my memory that there was another man concerned in the affair, the man this woman had loved, the man to whom she had passionately given what she had refused to give me. The day before, I should have hated him, should have longed to tear him to pieces. Now I was eager to see him because I loved him ... yes, loved the man whom she had loved.

“With a bound I was in the ante-room. A young, very young, fair-haired officer was standing there, awkward and shy. He was pale and slender, looking little more than a boy and yet touchingly anxious to appear manlike, calm and composed. His hand was trembling as he raised it in salute. I could have put my arms round him and hugged him, so perfectly did he fulfill my ideal of the man I should have wished to be this woman’s lover—not a self-confident seducer, but a tender stripling to whom she had thought fit to give herself.

“He stood before me, abashed. My sudden apparition, my eager scrutiny, increased his embarrassment. His face puckered slightly and it was plain that he was on the verge of tears.

“‘I don’t want to push in,’ he said at length, ‘but I should like so much to see Madame Blank once more.’

“Scarcely aware of what I was doing, I put an arm round the young fellow’s shoulders and guided him towards the door. He looked at me with

astonishment but with gratitude as well. At this instant we had an indubitable sense of fellowship. We went together to the bedside. She lay there; all but the head, shoulders and arms hidden by the white linen. Feeling that my closeness must be distasteful to him, I withdrew to a distance. Suddenly he collapsed, as I had done; sank to his knees and, no longer ashamed to show his emotions, burst into tears.

“What could I say? Nothing!

“What could I do? I raised him to his feet and led him to the sofa. There we sat side by side; and, to soothe him, I gently stroked his soft, blond hair. He took my hand in his and pressed it affectionately. Then he said:

“‘Tell me the whole truth, Doctor. She didn’t kill herself, did she?’

“‘No,’ I answered.

“‘Then is anyone else to blame for her death?’

“‘No,’ I said once more, although from within was welling up the answer : ‘I, I, I ... and you. The two of us. We are to blame. We two ... and her unhappy pride.’

“But I kept the words unuttered, and was content to say yet again:

“‘No 1 No one was to blame. It was her doom.’

“‘I can’t realize it,’ he groaned. ‘It seems incredible. The night before last she was at the ball; she nodded to me and smiled. How could it happen? How did she come to die so unexpectedly, so swiftly?’

“I told him a string of falsehoods. Even from her lover I must keep the secret. We spent that day and the next and the next together in brotherly converse, both aware (though we did not give the knowledge voice) that our lives were intertwined by our relationship to the dead woman. Again and again I found it hard to keep my own counsel, but I did so. He never learned that she had been with child by him ; that she had come to me to have the fruit of their love destroyed ; and that, after my refusal, she had taken the step which had ended her own life as well. Yet we talked of nothing but her during those days when I was hidden in his quarters. I had forgotten to tell you that! They were searching for me. Her husband had arrived after the coffin had been closed. He was suspicious ... all sorts of rumors were afoot ... and he wanted my account of the matter at first hand. But I simply couldn’t endure the thought of meeting him, the man through whom I knew she had suffered; so I hid myself and during those four days I never left the house. Her lover took a passage for me under a false name, and late at night I went on board the boat bound for Singapore. I left everything, all my possessions, the work I had done in the last seven years. My house stood open to anyone who chose to enter it. No doubt the authorities have already erased my name from the list of their officials as ‘absent without leave.’ But I could not go on living in that house, that town, that world, where everything reminded me of her. If I fled like a thief in the night it was to escape her, to forget her.

“Vain was the attempt ! When I came on board at midnight, my friend with me to see me off, a great, oblong, brass-bound chest was being hoisted on board by the crane, It was her coffin, her coffin! It had followed me, just as I had followed her down from the hills to the coast. I could make no sign, I had to look on unheeding, for her husband was there too. He was on his way to England. Perhaps he means to have the coffin opened when he gets there; to have a post-mortem made; to find out Anyhow, he has taken her back to him, has snatched her away from us ; she belongs to him now, not to us. At Singapore, where I transshipped to this

German mail-boat, the coffin was transshipped as well; and he is here too, her husband. But I am still watching over her and shall watch over her to the end. He shall never learn her secret, I shall defend her to the last against the man to escape whom she went to her death. He shall learn nothing, nothing. Her secret belongs to me and to no one else in the world.

“Do you understand? Do you understand why I keep out of the other passengers’ way, why I cannot bear to hear them laugh and chatter, to watch their foolish flirtations ... When I know that deep down in the hold, among the tea-chests and the cases of Brazil nuts, her body lies? I can’t get near it, for the hatches are closed; but I feel its nearness by day and by night, when the passengers are tramping up and down the promenade deck or dancing merrily in the saloon. It is stupid of me, I know. The sea ebbs and flows above millions of corpses and the dead are rotting beneath every spot where one sets foot on land. All the same, I cannot bear it. I cannot bear it when they dance and laugh in this ship which is taking her body home. I know what she expects of me. There is still something left for me to do; Her secret is not yet safe; and, until it is safe, my pledge to her will be unfulfilled.”

From amidships there came splashing and scraping noises. The sailors were swabbing the decks. He started at the sound and jumped to his feet.

“I must be going,” he murmured.

He was a distressing sight, with his careworn expression and his eyes reddened by weeping and by drink. He had suddenly become distant in his manner. Obviously he was regretting his loquacity, was ashamed of himself for having opened his heart to me as he had done. Wishing to be friendly, however, I said:

“Won’t you let me pay you a visit in your cabin this afternoon?”

A smile ... mocking, harsh, comical ...twisted his lips; and when he answered, after a momentary hesitation, it was with appropriate emphasis.

“Ah, yes, ‘it’s one’s duty to help.’ That’s your favorite maxim, isn’t it? Your use of it a few hours ago, when you caught me in a weak moment, has loosened my tongue finely! Thank you for your good intentions, but I’d rather be left to myself. Don’t imagine, either, that I feel any better for having turned myself inside out before you and for having shown you my very entrails. My life has been tom to shreds and no one can patch it together again, I have gained nothing by working in the Dutch colonial service for seven years. My pension has gone *phut* and I am returning to Germany a pauper ... like a dog that slinks behind a coffin. A man cannot run amuck without paying for it. In the end, he is shot down; and I hope that for me the

end will come soon. I'm obliged to you for proposing to call, but I've the best of companions to prevent my feeling lonely in my cabin ... aplenty of bottles of excellent whisky. They're a great consolation. Then there's another old friend and my only regret is that I didn't make use of it soon instead of late. My automatic, I mean, which will in the end be better for my soul than any amount of open confession. So I won't trouble you to call, if you don't mind. Among the 'rights of man' there is a right which no one can take away, the right to croak when and where and how one pleases, without a 'helping hand.' ”

He looked at me scornfully and with a challenging air, but I knew that at bottom his feeling was one of shame, infinite shame- Saying no word of farewell, he turned on his heel, and slouched off in the direction of the cabins. I never saw him again, though I visited the fore-deck several times after midnight. So completely did he vanish that I might have thought myself the victim of hallucination had I not noticed among the other passengers a man wearing a crape armlet, a Dutchman, I was told, whose wife had recently died of tropical fever. He walked apart, holding converse with no one, and was melancholy of mien. Watching him, I was distressed by the feeling that I was aware of his secret trouble. When my path crossed his, I turned my face away, lest he should divine from my expression that I knew more about his fate than he did himself.

In Naples harbor occurred the accident which was explicable to me in the light of the stranger's tale. Most of the passengers were, as I have said, ashore at the time. I had been to the opera and had then supped in one of the brightly lit cafes in the *Via Roma*. As I was being rowed back to the steamer,

I noticed that there was a commotion going on round the gangway, boats moving to and fro and men in them holding torches and acetylene lamps as they scanned the water. On deck there were several *Carabinieri*, talking in low tones. I asked one of the deck-hands what was the matter. He answered evasively, so that it was obvious he had been told to be discreet. Next morning, too, when we were steaming towards Genoa, I found it impossible to glean any information. But at Genoa, in an Italian newspaper, I read a high-flown account of what had happened that night at Naples.

Under cover of darkness, it appeared, to avoid disquieting the passengers, a coffin from the Dutch Indies was being lowered into a boat. It contained the body of a lady; and her husband (who was taking it home for burial; was already waiting in the boat. Something heavy had, when the coffin was half-way down the ship's side, dropped on it from the upper deck, carrying it away, so that it fell with a crash into the boat, which instantly capsized. The coffin, being lined with lead, sank. Fortunately there had been no loss of life, for no one had been struck by the falling coffin, and the widower, together with the other persons in the boat, had been rescued, though not without difficulty.

What had caused the accident? One story, said the reporter, was that a lunatic had jumped overboard and in his fall had wrenched the coffin from its lashings. Perhaps the story of the falling body had been invented to cover up the remissness of those responsible for lowering the coffin, who had used tackle that was too weak, so that the lead-weighted box had broken away of itself. Anyhow, the officers were extremely reticent.

In another part of the paper was a brief notice to the effect that the body of an unknown man, apparently about thirty-five years of age, had been picked up in Naples harbor. There was a bullet-wound in the head.

No one connected this with the accident which occurred when the coffin was being lowered. Before my own eyes, however, as I read the brief paragraphs, there loomed from the printed page the ghostly countenance of the unhappy man whose story I have here set down.

Joe and his Headache by Annie Gavani

Joe was a successful lawyer, but as he got older he was increasingly hampered by incredible headaches. When his career and love life started to suffer, he sought medical help. After being referred from one specialist to another, he finally came across an old country doctor who solved the problem.

“The good news is I can cure your headaches... the bad news is that it will require castration. You have a very rare condition which causes your testicles to press up against the base of your spine and the pressure creates one hell of a headache. The only way to relieve the pressure is to remove the testicles.”

Joe was shocked and depressed. He wondered if he had anything to live for. He couldn't concentrate long enough to answer, but decided he had no choice but to go under the knife.

The nurse asked him if he wanted to keep them as ‘his souvenirs ...’

When he left the hospital he was without a headache for the first time in twenty years, but he felt like he was missing an important part of himself.

As he walked down the street, he realized that he felt like a different person. He could make a new beginning and live a new life. He saw a men's clothing store and thought, “that's what I need... a new suit.”

He entered the shop and told the salesman, "I'd like a new suit."

The elderly tailor eyed him briefly and said, "Let's see... size 42 long." Joe laughed, "That's right, how did you know?"

"Been in business sixty years!" Joe tried on the suit. It fit perfectly. As Joe admired himself in the mirror, the salesman asked, "how about a new shirt?" Joe thought for a moment and then said "sure..."

The salesman eyed Joe and said "let's see... 34 sleeves and... 16 and a half neck." Joe was surprised, "that's right, how did you know?" "Been in the business sixty years!" Joe tried on the shirt, and it fit perfectly. As Joe adjusted the collar in the mirror, the salesman asked, "how about some new shoes?" Joe was on a roll and said "sure!"

The salesman eyed Joe's feet and said "Let's see... 10-1/2... E." Joe said, astonished, "that's right, how did you know?" "Been in business sixty years!" Joe tried on the shoes and they fit perfectly. Joe walked comfortably around the shop and the salesman asked "how about some new underwear?"

Joe thought for a second and said, "sure!"

The salesman stepped back, eyed Joe's waist and said "Let's see... size 36."

Joe laughed, "Ah ha! I got you! I've worn a size 34 since I was eighteen years old."

The salesman shook his head, “you can’t wear a size 34 — it will press your testicles up against the base of your spine and give you one hell of a headache!”

Joe was last seen rushing back to the hospital holding a jar ever so carefully

...

Pictorial: What Ever Have You Been Up To?



From Sir Magazine, Oct. 1964

Gabriel's Oboe by Patrick Bruskiewich

I admit that I am romantic at heart. My friends tell me I am not of this time and place and that I should have lived in Florence during the Renaissance. Some of my women friends say that I am a Venus with a ... well, you can figure it out.

Ever since I was perhaps five or six, the art of the Renaissance has played an important part in my life. That was when my mother let me try to read an adult book about Leonardo da Vinci, drawings and all. It was the first time I saw his Vitruvian Man and his other drawings of things graceful, beautiful and virtuous. That was also when I heard the name of Dante Alighieri for the first time.

Dante Alighieri, the famous 13th century Italian poet and author of *The Divine Comedy*, understood what beauty meant in both the aethereal and real sense. When he was young and impressionable, perhaps just a bit older than I was when I was introduced to the Renaissance, before even his voice and testicles had dropped, he fell madly in love with a real girl his age, who became the Beatrice *reale* in his day to day life.

During her short life, his adoration for the beautiful maiden, Beatrice Portinari, was a distant, unattainable and unrequited love that he had for her when she was still alive. The living Beatrice had made quite an impression on the young Dante, even though he had only met her twice, and briefly, in a public way during nine years, while she was chaperoned by her

handmaidens. It is written in the history of the times that Beatrice had red hair, and green eyes and a face as pure and as soft as the finest silk. Her bosom was healthy and her deportment heavenly. She was the epitome of Renaissance virtue and Florentine dignity. When Beatrice Portinari died at the tender age of twenty-four Dante's tender and fragile heart was shattered into a thousand pieces.

Dante was a kind and compassionate man, and in living and lasting homage to his Beatrice *reale*, he expressed a timeless and aethereal love for her in his poetry. Was it best for him to have loved and lost? Beatrice's poetic legacy says yes!

Dante suffered a great deal during his lifetime. Despite his hardship, he was a stubborn and strong spirit. What didn't kill him definitely made him a better person, not stronger in the forceful sense, but better as a man and as a poet. Better as someone who understand grace, truth and virtue.

Dante was brutally treated during his lifetime by Italian mobsters who dominated the politics in his beloved Florence. A *mobster*, in an evocative sense of the word, are those ruffians who stir the mob for personal gain or personal pleasure. Some mobsters do their stirring to fill their coffers with gold and some stir the mob just because they can elicit emotion and violence.

Dante could elicit emotion, but was not a violent man, nor did he sit comfortable with violence done by others around him. He spoke out. He spoke his mind. As he did this he made few friends, as he made many

enemies. Courage and lawfulness was lacking at the time. As a result Dante was forced to live in exile from his home, his family and friends, and the city he loved so dearly.

Soon after his death, now the most famous Italian of his age, the Fathers of Florence, some of whom were the very mobsters that made his life hell, fought for the return of his earthy remains to the city that had exiled him. His bones still remain where they were buried elsewhere in Italy.

Some of you might know that Dante is the father of the term *poetic justice*, for while all of Italy even today can call him their own nearly a millennium after his life, the small part of Italy, the City of Florence, cannot. And, to wit, no one today remembers the name of the men who exiled him from his beloved home. What drove him into exile made Dante immortal ...

On and off for the past four decades I have tried to read and understand his *The Divine Comedy*. It is not an easy read, even for someone who enjoys reading. Dante's epic poem divides the aethereal universe into thirds; *Inferno* (Hell), *Purgatorio* (Purgatory) and *Paradiso* (Paradise). Beyond his poetry, Dante also understood that the real world is divided in a similar way. Life on earth is most times a living *Purgatorio*, and very rarely a living *Paradiso*.

I freely admit that I have lived in a Purgatory on earth and like Dante what has not killed me has made me a better person. I seriously hurt my neck and back when I was all of twenty years old while serving at sea as the youngest naval officer in the Royal Canadian Navy. I live in chronic and debilitating

pain. I cracked the cervical vertebrae C2/C3 and should have died. If I had broken C2 it would have been killed instantly. If I had broken C3 it would have paralyzed me.

In an ironic twist my spine at C2/C3 had already been damaged as I came into the world when the obstetric doctor pulled too hard on my fragile and ductile spine. After my arduous entrance into the world, I could not lift my head from my baby's pillow for many weeks afterwards. It took patient and tender physiotherapy so that I could lift my head to my mother's breasts. If two wrongs could make a right this is an example.

I also put C2 to C7 in my spine out of permanent alignment, to the great surprise of more than one X-ray technician. My spine is rather damaged and I suffer from a myriad of physical problems that include heart arrhythmia due to the cardiac nerve occasionally being pinched. The pain I suffer through moment by moment is my crucifixion. I am Catholic and believe that if God wants to take me he is welcome to for I do not fear death – I fear debilitation and the inability to be free to walk and talk and do the many things I enjoy doing.

How have I managed to survive? Being a physicist I know I am an organic machine made out of organic materials. The pain I do not treat by artificial means, like drugs or alcohol, but by real and personal means. I know from experience that the only thing that can overcome pain is pleasure and I find pleasure in everything I do. The endorphins that our bodies produce, the endogenous morphine, is wonderful. I will admit that from time to time when pleasure is not enough to overpower my pain and suffering then I

enjoy a sip of Pernod, or God forbid, Absinthe. Then I sleep, perchance to dream, and dream I do.

I will also admit that I have from time to time been to the Gates of Heaven and Paradise. But I have never been to the Gates of Hell and have no idea what they even look like, except in their rendering by Rodin.

Saint Peter knows who I am. I have stood before him several times in the past four decades and he has sent me back to earth saying there are still things that I need to do, not to pass through the gates of heaven mind you, but to alleviate the pain and suffering that others suffer. When I die my last thought will be, have I earned my place in heaven? Saint Peter has shown me tough love for he knows I have already earned a place in heaven, but there is still living that I should do first. Once the big sleep is upon us there is no more mortal pleasure to be had. He knows that I do like mortal pleasure.

Recently I stood at the gates of an earthly Paradise. I was serenaded by the aethereal music Gabriel's Oboe, the theme from the 1980's film *The Mission*, in its rendition by Yo Yo Ma as I performed a burlesque routine at a local competition and won the \$ 500 first prize. For a brief and remarkable evening I was Gabriel baring a message from God and my instrument was there for everyone to enjoy.

Why did I do this? Well, the reason is simple. I have two friends here in Vancouver, who are poor and struggling artists, who just had a baby boy. The two month old boy was born premature and has some health issues. The

parents are stressed out. They are proud and have refused the offer of money from their friends.

When I was born my parents were very, very poor, and they did not have two nickels to rub together. I came into the world premature and had health problems. It was a miracle I survived the first few days. Some family friends helped my parents out. I feel I owe it to God to carry this kindness forward. So I helped my poor artist friends out. There for the Grace of God go I.

And so, I made my artist friends an offer they couldn't refuse. I won the first prize at the burlesque contest on the last Friday of January 2017 and the following day I gave the new mother the prize envelope with the \$ 500 unopened. The two month old baby boy's mother was very happy and gave me a big hug.

From time to time I sit as an artist's model for my artist friends. I have done this for half my life. Despite the damage to my neck and spine, God has been kind and munificent to me. Some of the artists I have sat for say that I am like Michelangelo's David.

For added measure that Saturday evening I sat as an artist model *gratis* for three hours for several art students in the studio of my artist friends that evening so that the father of the new born could earn \$ 100 for teaching a life drawing class. As if to tease me the mother of the two month old, sitting comfortably in a chair in the studio, proceeded to nurse her son while facing me from across the room. As she spoke her voice was lovely and musical. I

swore she had a halo around her head and I was standing in an earthly paradise.

It is important not to appear too immodest when you stand as an artist model and it took a great effort on my part not to appear immodest. I had to stare long and hard at a painting on the wall to take myself out of my body and somewhere else in my consciousness. The mother of the little baby knew what she was doing and the effect that it was having on me. She was expressing a nursing mother's prerogative and enjoying every moment of it.

Despite the January coldness of the studio, while she sat there I was warm all over. It was the endorphins. When she left, the room became wintry again and I shivered. But how much of my tremor was due to the coldness, and how much of that was the aftermath of a pleasurable paroxysm, I do not know. Some parts of me were warmer than other parts. The endorphins were flowing through my body. I was very happy.

The previous evening, the evening of the competition, I had felt a similar pleasurable feeling among the happiness of the burlesque crowd. It was the first time I had done anything remotely like this, performing a risqué routine before complete strangers. This was nothing like standing fully clothes in front of strangers at a high school play. It was lovely. I was in an earthly Paradise.

My burlesque routine was called *The Artist Model*. All I did that evening is perform in full view of several hundred strangers my usual routine of getting ready and sitting as a figurative model. The whole routine lasted a little

under six minutes, with a mere 15 seconds of immodesty at the end. For the final minute I had a strategically placed red feather, which at their prompting during the last fifteen seconds of my performance I let flutter to the ground.

Then I picked the red feather up kneeled down and kissed the cheeks of a lovely young lady next to the stage and then made her night by giving her my prized red feather. After the fact I regretted giving my prized red feather away for little red boas are rather difficult to find. But no matter, it is now her cherished red feather.

The audience of this type of evening had never seen anything like this. They were a Pilsner crowd, not a Pernod one. Classical music, a middle-aged man with salt and pepper grey hair and a beard who looked like Henri Matisse, and an audacity to elicit from them an appreciation of artistic beauty that they did not, in the least, expect.

Besides, when I was young my grandmother taught me you should never judge a book by its covers. On the outside I am just run of the mill man but when you open the covers I am quite a book when it comes to being an Artist's Model. They found that out that evening. There before them walked Michelangelo's David.

After my routine, all the rest of the evening I garnered hugs and kisses from so many women I stopped counting at thirty. One of the women whispered in my ear that after my routine there wasn't a dry pair of panties in the whole place. The room was full of pheromones. There were a handful of frowns, but they were from the tribling crowd.

Towards the end of the night a few of the more daring men were so inspired by my courage that they went up and did their own impromptus, all on the spirit of the evening. The moon and Monty were both full that the evening. Several other men said “I nailed it.” From them I knew they could see themselves up on stage being admired in the same way.

At one in the morning, when it came time to vote for the prize, when my routine came up, the last in the queue, the crowd went wild. The applause was so loud it ripped the tar off the roof of the building and knocked bricks off the sides as well. There were women pounding the stage with approval. It was tribal, it was scary and it wonderful, all at the same time! I could see in the eyes of more than one woman that they wanted me as their boy toy that night. If I had wanted to I could have slept rather intimately. But, ironically, I am a private man, even though my privates had for a brief fifteen seconds in full view of the crowd at the end of my routine. As I left one of the organizers of the event said they had never seen such applause nor felt such love. I have never before seen such *joie de vivre* at any function I have attended in Vancouver. I didn't get home until 3 am.

Oh what a beautiful morning ... oh what a beautiful day! To win a prize of \$ 500 for six minutes of burlesque comes out to \$ 5,000 an hour! Maybe this is telling me that I am in the wrong business. Maybe I should quit my day job ... and take up burlesque. To boot the organizers have asked me back for the next event.

It was at the Gates of this Earthly Paradise that I first laid eyes on and met Beatrice (not her real name, although her real name does rhyme with Beatrice). She came to me to talk near the end of the evening. She had kind, wonderful green eyes, and red hair and an interest in Philosophy. Her eyes, the window to her soul, sparkled as we spoke, even in the dark confines of where we first met, a pub at one of the old hotels on the East side of Vancouver. Yes, and she was a bit tipsy.

This was the time for firsts. This was the first time I performed Burlesque, the first time I won a prize for a public performance, the first time I had frequented that pub, and the first time I had some many beautiful women pining for me. This was also the first time someone had flirted with me that way that my Beatrice did. That evening, as I chaperoned her home, we could have had requited our love, but she was a bit tipsy and I am too much a gentleman to take advantage of a lady. Lust is not love.

While I sat chatting with this woman with beautiful eyes, I had a deep, and abiding sense of déjà vu. As we spoke I remembered back to my first crush when I was a young boy of five. A day or so after the burlesque I sat down and wrote a short essay and submitted it to a Valentine's Day contest with Pique Magazine in Whistler, BC. And lo and behold I won one of their Valentine's Day contest prizes, which I will return to in a moment.

This is what I wrote,

“My neighbor was a girl my age and fun to play with. We shared an interest in picture books. I remember her pleasant smile and her

giggle, and her wonderful eyes and her curly red hair. We could not wait to enter first grade.

But sadly she would not make it. One day she went away to the hospital. When she came home I knew something was wrong. But neither she nor her parents would say what. My once energetic and happy friend now had neither energy nor happiness.

One day I snuck over to see her. She was asleep. I thought my prized teddy bear would bring her good luck and tucked it into bed beside her. She took it with her to the hospital. She never came home.

The time between her diagnosis and her demise was eight months. It was a childhood leukemia that took her.

Her parents, on their return from the hospital were overcome with grief. They asked me if I wanted my teddy bear back. I said no. I wanted her to have it, to play with it in heaven.

She was buried with my teddy bear.”

After the evening’s festivities were over I took my Beatrice home by bus to the front door of the apartment building she lived in, gave her my email and kissed her on both cheeks. I said she had seen more of me than most of my other friends and invited her to go for lunch with me next week. I hope to meet my Beatrice again, before too long, and when she is sober. It is somewhat heartbreaking for me, but I am still waiting ...

When I heard I had won one of the prizes from the *My First Crush* Valentine's Day contest with Pique Magazine I decided to give the \$ 700 worth of prize gifts, things like a dinner for two and a massage for two, that sort of things, to the Emergency Room Nurses at Lions Gate Hospital in North Vancouver.

A few years back, the nurse there do such a wonderful job looking after me when I am brought in by ambulance with a heart beat that bottoms out at 44 beats per minute, with no obvious cause, or strange symptoms along those lines. They help me feel better and send me on my way.

My friends know me well enough to understand why it is I will go to the ends of the earth, or in this case, to heaven and back for them. You probably wonder why I said heaven, instead of hell. There is no hell in my life just heaven and purgatory, my life on this hard earth. Satan knows he can't have my soul, so he leaves me alone. I belong to God and provided I continue to do good deeds, he lets me live in my own private purgatory.

They have invited me back to do be an Artist's Model, and there for the grace of God go I. It is the romantic in me ... that I am a product of the Renaissance, or maybe that I hear the words of Dante ringing in my ears, that I may glimpse my Beatrice, or once again reminisce about my first crush.

Maybe it is just that I am Venus with a ...

well, you can figure it out.

Pictorial: An Angel of sorts ...



Voici Paris ... an Exposé



Fevrier, 1959



PHOTOGRAPHIQUE

L'ART ET LE NU











Carnation 15 by Janos Matou

Soon after he was assigned to the US Embassy Prague, a young American career man dropped into the Ambassador Club for a look at night life in Red Czechoslovakia.

He wasn't disappointed. The nightclub was modern, attractively furnished and well stocked with imported booze and domestic dolls. Several pretty girls were seated alone at small tables between the bar and the dance floor. Other girls were exchanging small talk with well-dressed men, foreigners from both sides of the iron curtain.

As he ordered a drink at the bar, the American heard a babble of languages, and accents – English, French, German, Russian, Polish and other tongues he could not identify. Then his wandering gaze met the smiling green eyes of a gorgeous redhead.

She was sitting by herself at a small table near the wall. Her full lips were moist and inviting. Her skin tight dress of moss green exposed creamy shoulders and a spectacular view of full, firm breasts.

Almost before he realized what he was doing the American was at her table.

“Hello,” he said, “do you speak English?”

“Yes, a little, “a husky voice replied. “My name is Lydia. Would you care to join me?”

Hours later, and somewhat drunk, the American was in the redhead’s bedroom. Stripped to his shorts he sat at the edge of the bed and babbled about Washington while the girl removed her underclothes and placed them neatly on the chair.

“Now remember,” she said with a throaty laugh, “you mustn’t tell me anything important. I’m an agent of the Secret Police.”

Though the diplomat thought she was kidding, the sexy redhead told him the truth. She was Lydia Lichtenberg-Ungrova, Queen of the kiss-and-tell girls the Czech Secret Service employs to spy on foreigners – and on Communist officials as well.

In her handbag she carried a silver compact with a secret compartment behind the mirror. Thus was the hiding place for her identity card, to be used only in extreme emergencies.

The card, green with two red stripes, bore he photo, the official seal of the Czech Interior Ministry, and the inscription “Ministry of Interior – L77.”

Lydia was agent L77 of the *Statni Bezpecnost* – State Security Police – better known as the STB or “Czech Gestapo.” Beside her official identification number, she also had a code name – “*Carnation 15.*” Why

fifteen? She was fifteen at the time Lydia was recruited as a sexploitation agent!.

Lydia Lichtenberg-Ungrova was the Christine Keeler of the Warsaw Pact. Her Iron Curtain orgies with Czech Cabinet, Ministers, Western Diplomats, and Soviet Leaders made London's Profumo Affair look like a Sunday picnic.

Lydia free-wheeling love life exploded a *sexpionage* scandal that rocked the Czech Government, brought roars of rage from the Kremlin, and led to a top level purge in the Czech Cabinet, and STB. At least a dozen high government officials and secret police officials were jailed. Two high-ranking *officials* were quietly executed.

But the Communist Press, who highlighted the Profumo Affair, mentioned not a word of the Prague Scandal. This *story* is still a carefully guarded secret behind the Iron Curtain.

Though Christine Keeler was a call-girl accepting money and presents from her lovers, she was an amateur at espionage. Though she slept with Soviet spy Evgeny Ivanov, and British War Minister John Profumo, almost simultaneously, she apparently did not pry any defense secrets from Profumo for delivery to Ivanov.

The big difference between Christine Keeler and Lydia Ungrova was that luscious Lydia was a pro. She knew what she wanted, how to get it and what to do with it. She not only lured foreigners into her perfumed trap and

pumped them dry of information, but she also outfoxed her own bosses and double-crossed the dreaded STB.

Forced to give her body to the Communist cause Lydia hated the Communist and everything they stood for. So she became a double-agent and peddled information to both sides in the Cold War.

The girl who was to become long-stemmed, night blooming “Carnation 15” was born Oct. 9 1932 in a working class neighborhood of Prague. Her father Anton Lichtenberg, was a construction worker and a minor official of the People’s (Communist) Party.



When Soviet troops entered Czechoslovakia in 1945 Lydia's family welcomed them. But the girl noted that the "liberators" looked at her the same hungry way the hated Nazis did.

At 13 she was a fully developed female. She had outgrown her old clothes and wartime shortages left no dresses or clothing material available. Her shapely legs grew too long for her tight skirts. Her round, firm breasts seemed about to burst from her straining blouse.

As she returned from school one afternoon in the fall of 1945 she noticed two Soviet soldiers following her. One was a sturdy square-faced Russian. The other was squat and bowlegged, with Mongol eyes.

When she walked faster, so did they. Then she started to run, but they caught up with her and dragged her into the ruins of a bombed-out building a block from her home. After choking her and punching her to stop her screams, they tore off her clothes and raped her repeatedly until she lost consciousness.

She staggered home an hour later, battered, bleeding and hysterical. Her father searched for the rapists, without success. Then he reported the incident to the police.

Afraid of the Russians, the police did nothing. When the angry father kept demanding action, he was booted out of the People's Party, and threatened with arrest unless he kept his mouth shut.

From then on, Lydia hated not only the Russians but all Communist officials as well. She made up her mind to flee *to the West* as soon as she could.

In 1948 the sixteen year old beauty and her brother Frank, 18, tried to escape to West Germany. They took a train to Pilsen, then walked to the Bavarian border.

A high barbed wire fence stretched along the German-Czech border as far as they could see. Guard towers were stationed at half-mile intervals. Border guards with machine-guns and vicious dogs patrolled the open spaces between the towers. After dark, spot lights illuminated this Cold War no-man's land.

Lydia and Frank made their dash to freedom a few minutes after midnight at a spot halfway between two guard towers. Waiting until a patrol team passed their hiding place in the woods, they emerged from the trees and *dashed* for the fence.

They were almost to the barbed wire when Lydia stumbled and fell. As Frank stopped to help her sentries in the tower began firing. Fatally wounded, he pitched on his face in the dirt. Lydia was holding her dead brother in her arms when they arrested her.

She was taken to a prison in Pilsen, where the guards used her the same way the Russian soldiers had. Only this time she was too numb with grief and horror to worry about her virtue.

The next day a tall, *crooked* nose STB captain called on her. “Take off your clothes,” he ordered.

Believing she was about to be raped again, she obeyed with a shudder of disgust. The captain appraised her naked body with an experienced eye and ran a cold hand over her flesh. Then he made he walked around the narrow cell. She felt like an animal being judged at a country fair.

Finally the officer seemed satisfied. He was convinced Lydia would be perfect bait for a STB sex trap. She was given her choice of sentences – a long term in a *hard labor* prison camp or a life of luxury as a sexpionage agent.

It did not take her long to decide. After questioning by other STB agents she was sent to Gorgau Castle in Bohemia – a medieval fortress that had been converted to a modern school for spies.

Lydia’s class at sexpionage college consisted of about 15 Czech, Polish, Hungarian and East German girls 16 to 23. Most of them already spoke several different languages. Lydia, for instance, knew some German and Russian. She received some short courses on conversational English, French and Italian.

Like fashion models the girls learned how to walk, dress and use cosmetics properly. They were also taught how to operate miniature cameras and tape recorders, and how to spring a man-trap and how to obtain information while

making love. There were classes in coding, blackmail, pornographic photography and sexual perversion.

Though Lydia was neither virginal nor a prude, the *seduction* course both shocked and sickened her. Some perversions she had never even heard of before, let alone indulged in. But the ‘*old whore*’ spelled them out with charts, diagrams and photographs. Only one was ignored – homosexuality. Her tutors reasoned even she could not seduce a confirmed *homo* ...

On graduation she was given a new wardrobe, an STB bankroll and a modern apartment in downtown Prague equipped with the latest electronic eavesdropping devices: microphones, tape recorders and a movie camera was hidden in her bedroom wall.

Her beat was the Prague nightclub circuit – the *East*, *International*, *Ambassadors*, *Areal*, *Barhara* and *Praha*. In all these clubs and hotel bars, she had her pick of lonely foreigners. But most of those she chose were selected in advance by her STB superiors.

Even fellow spies fell for her, not realizing that she too was a secret agent.

From an Israeli agent she learned of a plan to help 500 Czech Jews escape to Israel. The plot was smashed and several Jewish leaders were arrested.

A French diplomat was kicked out of the country after ‘Carnation 15’ unmasked him as an atom spy who had obtained uranium samples from the

mines of northern Bohemia. His Czech confederate was executed and 18 other Czechs got long prison terms.

When the sexual demands of a Soviet Embassy attaché became too much even for Lydia, she decided to get rid of him. She supplied him with a young girl, then took pictures of their lovemaking. Next time the Russian returned to Moscow on business, she planted the pornographic film in his luggage – where it was sure to be found by the *KGB – the Soviet Secret Police*. The romantic Russian never returned to Prague.

Other orgy scenes filmed by Lydia were used to blackmail Western Diplomats and businessmen to spy for the *Czechs and Soviets* – and to incriminate Czech officials and her own STB bosses. Everything she saw, heard and did was written in her diaries. She also collected voluminous tape recordings from which she gleamed material for her weekly reports to STB headquarters.

“The night of March 5th I slept with of the British Embassy” one typical report began. “He made love to me three times in the normal fashion.” Under the influence of vodka he told me about plans for British naval maneuvers in the Mediterranean. The following details were disclosed. ...”

She slept with Americans (North and South), Germans (East and West), Englishmen, Frenchmen, Italians, Turks, Greeks, Arabs, Scandinavians, Cubans, Africans and Asians. Along Prague’s Diplomatic Row, Lydia’s bedroom was known as “United Nations Assembly Hall.”

Ambassadors and security agents of every foreign embassy in the Czech capital knew ‘*Carnation 15*’ was a sexpionage agent. But there were always some newly arrived diplomats who did not know – and older hands who knew, but did not care.

“I am sleeping with too many men,” Lydia wrote in one of her diaries. “including Captain Rappant (her STB superior), an Iraqi General –wealthy *huso*, what a swine! – and a Czech Army major who is a dirty old *bastard*.

“He likes to play the ‘*Big Shot*’ who knows everything,” she added concerning the major, “so I pick up useful information from him. We go to bed at my place every Tuesday from 10 a.m. till lunchtime.”

On Tuesday morning the major phoned her and asked Lydia to come to his place because he had a sprained shoulder and couldn’t go out. On his desk she saw a pile of Army documents stamped “Top Secret.” So she plied the major with brandy and sex until he fell asleep. Then she photographed the papers with the miniature camera she always carried in her purse.

She later sold the film to a Western Intelligence agent.

Though the STB has strict rules barring fraternization between male and female agents, ‘*Carnation 15*’ was plucked by most of her immediate superiors. One of these was Major Karel Kassalek, to whose office Lydia was for a time assigned.

Kassalek's duties include the entertainment of foreign trade delegations, especially those from Asia. He maintained what Lydia described as "a free brothel for Communist Big Shots." When Kassalek put her in this brothel to entertain North Koreans, Lydia decided to frame the STB social director.

She made photographs of some 3500 cards in his secret files, sold the information to Western Intelligence, then told the STB commander General Burda, she suspected Kassalek was a double-agent. Burda quickly confirmed there was a security leak in Kassalek's office. Unable to prove Kassalek was a double agent, the general ordered him to sneak into West Germany as a refugee and contact other *Czechniks* there.

Kassalek notified the frontier guards when and where he would cross the border into West Germany. When he showed up on schedule their turned their spotlights and machineguns on him.

Lydia made this brief notation in her diary; 'Exit Kassalek.'

In 1953 she became pregnant by a Venezuelan diplomat. At least he accepted the responsibility. Though he already had a wife and children in South America, he offered to take her to Caracas. But Czech authorities refused to grant her an exit permit.

She was sent to the Slovakian town of Banska Bystrica under STB guard and remained there until the Venezuelan was recalled to Caracas, and her daughter *Nadya* was born (*Nadya means Hope ...*).

On her return to Prague she was assigned to a new “*control office*,” Captain Frantisek Rappant commander of the STB station on Zhorovska street. A sadistic sex pervert, Rappant delighted in beating prisoners until they were half-dead. He had a special torture chamber in his police station, with padded walls to muffle the screams.

But Lydia sensed this inhuman brute was a sexual weakling. After their first bedroom bout, he was completely dominated by her.

Rappant was the official procurer for several high placed Communists, including a STB Colonel and two Cabinet Ministers who were notorious sexual degenerates. He asked Lydia to help him recruit teenage girls and boys for wild orgies held in luxurious apartments maintained by the STB.

Lydia took films of these revels and recorded every sordid detail in her diaries.

Hardened as she was to degeneracy and double-dealings, the orgies made her so disgusted with life she turned to drugs to help her forget what she had becomes ... a *Madame* ... An Egyptian diplomat supplied her with hashish. When Rappant heard what was happening, he arrested her and put her into Pankrae Prison Hospital for withdrawal treatment. The Egyptian was deported.

Ordinarily this would have been the end of Lydia’s career. But she had too much on Rappant. He kept her arrest quiet and reinstated her into her old job after she was released from Hospital.

Then he suggested she start to blackmail her lovers for cash as well as information. When she refused he threatened to kidnap her daughter *Nadya*. She, in turn, threatened to expose his debaucheries and shakedown.

Rappant backed down. Lydia pretended to forget their quarrel, but reported the incident to her Western contacts. Every card and document in Rappant's possession was photographed and the film sent to the West.

She continued working as a double-agent for several years. If Rappant suspected what she was doing, he was afraid to report her. He finally decided to get rid of her '*unofficially*.'

When Lydia returned home late one night in 1961, a young gunman ambushed her in the hallway and fired three shots at her. One bullet grazed her thigh, but she was not hurt. Police heard the shots and captured the gunman two blocks away. He said he was trying to rob her, but Lydia recognized him as one of Rappant's informers.

Next day she told Rappant she would quit the STB. If he would arrange her discharge and agree to leave her alone, she would not mention his attempt to murder her. If not ...

She tossed a bulky envelop on his desk. Rappant opened it and took out a pile of photographs. His swarthy face turned completely white. Within 48 hours she had her discharge ...

Lydia went to work as a cashier in the Koruna Snack Bar on Wenceslaus Square in downtown Prague. She found a new boyfriend Tonda Jemelik. He was the best jazz piano player in Prague, but could not work because the government frowned on Jazz. Lydia introduced him to friends in the Western embassies and he was hired to play the piano for parties there.

She tried unsuccessfully to get permission to emigrate to the West. Afraid she would try to defect or turn double-agent (what she already was) the STB made life hell for her and her jazz performing boyfriend. For added insurance, the STB also took away her daughter as a hostage.

In January 1962, 'Carnation 15' prepared her last espionage adventure. She turned over all her diaries, recordings and photographs to Western Intelligence agents. She retained copies of incriminating evidence against Rappant and his orgy pals and placed this photographic evidence in an envelope addressed to General Burda, STB commandant.

On the night of January 26th 1962 she mailed the envelope.

At 3 o'clock the following morning Lydia and her boyfriend returned to her apartment at 14 Ondrickova Street. They had been at a jazz party and had been heavily drinking.

They undressed and went to bed. Shortly before dawn Lydia got up in the dark and turned on all four gas jets on her kitchen stove. Then she sat down at the kitchen table and lit a cigarette. She could hear her boyfriend fast

asleep in the other room snoring, and the sound of a neighbor getting ready to leave for work.

She had time for four cigarettes before the gas killed both her and her last lover. Too late, Rappant heard of her suicide. He was arrested in her burnt out apartment searching frantically for her diaries.

Within the next two weeks at least 30 STB agents and government official were jailed. Soviet KGB officials rushed to Prague to reorganize the Czech security service. Soviet dictator Nikita Khrushchev reshuffled the Czech regime.

This sexpionage scandal was kept from the Czech public, but ‘Carnation 15’ had accomplished her final mission. She had gotten what she wanted – revenge!

[The Reds have a Profumo Scandal Too,
an excerpt from *Uncensored Magazine*, V. 13, n.02, 1963]

Pictorial: A Pearl Set Next to the Sea



Margaret Nolan, circa 1961

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